

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,010



APRIL 6, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1889

TWO EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



"SILENT SYMPATHY"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY ARTHUR BATT, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



## Topics of the Week

**NEWS OF STANLEY.**—The letters which have just come to hand will be read with extreme interest. Although disconnected rumours of Mr. Stanley's movements have from time to time reached this country, the public have not until now been furnished with full details of the journey which he undertook for the relief of Emin Pasha. These details, modestly as they are told, indicate the remarkable courage and perseverance shown by the great explorer and his lieutenants. More vividly than ever is the fact illustrated that it is a most difficult matter to penetrate through the heart of Africa. The physical obstacles are formidable enough—dense forests reeking with equatorial moisture, and noxious to the health of Europeans; but, besides this, the ubiquitous Arab trader is everywhere to be found; and, instinctively perceiving in Stanley a foe to his supremacy, he both sets the resident population against the exploring band, and tempts their carriers to desert in scores. A forcible example of the travelling facilities afforded by steam is given in the bare statement that it took Stanley and his gallant little band a hundred and sixty days to cover a distance which in civilised countries is performed by railway-trains in less than twenty-four hours. One is tempted to ask whether it was worth incurring all this privation and loss of life when the end of the story, so far as it is at present revealed, is reached. For, being at last face to face with the courageous Emin, Stanley found that he was loth to leave. Emin, being both prudent and humane, doubted whether, accompanied as he must be by a number of women and children, it would be safe to attempt such a rash enterprise. He may have been induced to reconsider his arguments, but—here the curtain drops abruptly, and we must wait for further developments of this exciting drama.

**GENERAL BOULANGER.**—The flight of General Boulanger is not at all a heroic proceeding, and we may doubt whether he will be quite as strong at Brussels as he would have been in Paris. It is said that his friends believed his life to be in danger, but it seems improbable that they or he can really have thought that "France is in the hands of bandits capable of everything." It is much more likely that he dreaded the effect which his appearance before the Senate as an accused person might produce on public opinion, and it may be that he wished to prevent the exposure of some things which it is as well for him at present to keep dark. That he has played into the hands of the Government by his departure there can be little doubt; for Frenchmen can hardly have much admiration for a Pretender who "bolts" at the first appearance of serious trouble. Probably Ministers would act most wisely if they now ignored General Boulanger. His influence has certainly not sprung from any causes with which it will be easy for the law to deal. He has hitherto been strong simply because the Republican leaders have not been able to excite much popular feeling in their own favour. The French people wish, if possible, to secure a pure and vigorous system of government, and if the Republic had given them what they want, they would not have thought of looking elsewhere for the solution of their difficulties. Boulangerism can be finally and effectually defeated only by the adoption of a wise and thoroughly sound Republican policy. Let the various Republican parties unite for the attainment of common ends which meet with the approval of the nation as a whole, and they will soon cease to be troubled by the spectre of a Dictatorship.

**THE SAMOAN HURRICANE.**—It is not often that the world hears of a great maritime disaster in the South Pacific. True to its name, that great stretch of blue water generally behaves in kindly fashion enough to the mariner. Perhaps it was this very character for perennial amiability which threw the captains of the American and German war ships at Samoa off their guard. Still, the tornado must have given some warning, or the *Calliope*, the only British vessel present in the roadstead, would have been caught as well as the other six. Even as it was, she appears to have had a narrow shave, only just getting to sea before the tempest broke. There is a certain irony of circumstance in the equal fate which destroyed the American and German squadrons. While they were watching one another with jealous and angry eyes, not dreaming of any other possible enemy, the storm fiend came swooping down in his irresistible might, and wiped out both as the easiest way to stop their quarrelling. The blow falls much more heavily on Germany than on the United States, by reason of its being the last of a long series of maritime disasters which have befallen the Imperial Navy. America, too, is so encumbered with revenue that the expense of replacing her three wrecked vessels might almost be regarded as a slice of good luck. But Germany has no cash to spare, while her repeated Naval losses go some way to suggest that seamanship is not a Teutonic speciality. The one thing to be thankful for is that the loss of life, great though it be, was not far greater. Every man on board the six doomed craft might easily have been drowned.

**NAVAL DEFENCE versus EMIGRATION.**—With all our professed belief in Christianity, which is essentially a religion of peace and of non-resistance, we are always more willing to spend money on preparations for War than for purposes of far greater usefulness. How airily a few years ago the national purse was depleted to the tune of six millions sterling, owing to a war-scare, which need never have occurred, if we had been content to avoid meddling in the affairs of other nations! On the other hand, what a fuss is made if the State is asked to contribute a few pounds to help in transporting a score or two of Highland Crofter families to Canada! Or what an outcry would be made if Parliament were to vote the exact sum which the Government now demands for the building of additional ironclads, with the proviso that the money thus voted was to be entirely spent in promoting emigration! Yet there cannot be a doubt that the latter would be the most sensible course of the two. Our present Naval expenditure is quite enough to furnish a sufficient fleet, provided our motto is really "Defence, not Defiance." If we build more ironclads, other nations follow suit, and so the costly game goes on. And it is a costly game. To say nothing of such a mishap as that which befell the *Sultan*, and which sent half a million of money to the bottom of the sea, these expensive monsters soon become obsolete. The other day a cruiser called the *Diamond* was condemned at Sheerness as unfit for further service. She had cost 125,000*l.* (she was the last of the "wooden walls"), and she was only built in 1875. Now for the other way of spending the money. These islands are small, the population is increasing at the rate of half a million a year, numbers of people are half-starved because they cannot get enough work to do, rural labourers are driven into the towns because (we state this on the authority of the Kent and Surrey Labourers' Union), the farmers only employ one man where they formerly employed ten, and all this time Canada and Australasia are crying out for labour. Let Government try the experiment. Let them spend the price of one *Sultan* in offering (say) three-fourths of the passage money to suitable emigrants from all parts of the United Kingdom. There will, we venture to say, be no lack of acceptances.

**PRINCE BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY.**—On his seventieth birthday Prince Bismarck received two thousand one hundred letters of congratulation, and over three thousand five hundred telegrams. On Monday last, when he reached the age of seventy-four, he was not overwhelmed by quite so formidable a mass of friendly messages; but there was no sign of any diminution of the enthusiastic admiration with which he is regarded by his countrymen. The tribute of plovers' eggs came as usual; the Emperor presented him with a magnificent dog of the same breed as the late famous Reichshund; and all day long, we are told, congratulations, gifts, and callers streamed into his palace. It must not be supposed that the Germans think of their Chancellor as a faultless statesman. They are well aware that, like humbler men, he is capable of making serious mistakes, and that he has often, to say the least, shown considerable defects of temper. But they are wise enough to recognise that, whatever may be his weaknesses, he is by far the greatest Minister they have had in modern times. To him, more than to any one, they owe the Empire of which they are justly so proud; he has secured for them eighteen years of peace; under his guidance they have been able to consolidate their institutions, and to lay the foundations of industrial and commercial prosperity. It would be almost impossible to overrate the obligations of Germany to Prince Bismarck, and the people are animated by a true instinct when they look forward with dread to the day when they will be deprived of his services. By-and-by, no doubt, German domestic policy will have to be controlled by ideas more "advanced" than those of the Chancellor; but no harm has been done by the fact that he has postponed the triumph of Liberalism. It was necessary, during a period of transition, that the country should be vigorously ruled.

**BOYCOTTED FARMS.**—On the face of it, the scheme for colonising evicted farms in Ireland with emigrants from Ulster and Scotland has much to commend it to English minds. There is nothing unfair or harsh in adopting this means of keeping the land in cultivation. But the Irish peasantry have views of their own on such questions—views which would probably take forms not quite agreeable to the emigrants. These would come prepared, however, for a rough time, and Captain Moonlight might find them very tough customers to tackle. Nor will there be any lack of applicants for vacant farms should Mr. T. W. Russell succeed in overcoming the initial financial difficulties. He has already received several thousands of pounds from English well-wishers, who see, no doubt, in the proposed plan the only practical method of breaking down anti-rent combinations. Half-a-dozen farms in the occupation of settlers from the "Black North" and Scotland would open poor Paddy's eyes to the folly of imagining that by refusing to pay rent he will eventually get the land for nothing. That large numbers labour under this delusion is certain, their notion being that they can beat down the landlords by reduction after reduction until the last fraction of rent has vanished. But the appearance of troops of hard-working, hard-hitting colonists from the outside world would convince even the

most credulous after a time that it is not in accordance with the eternal fitness of things for cultivatable land to remain uncultivated when there are plenty of willing hands to put it under the plough. If Paddy will not pay rent, he must make room for those who will, and should he experiment with the "wild justice of revenge," the newcomers may prove his equals at that game, too.

**LIBERAL UNIONISTS AND CONSERVATIVES.**—Since the memorable secession of Mr. Gladstone and his followers, Liberal Unionists and Conservatives have worked together with remarkable harmony, considering that on most subjects, Home Rule excepted, their views are greatly at variance. It would be a thousand pities if the death of Mr. Bright, who was respected and revered by both sections of the Unionist party, should prove the signal for serious dissension. At the same time some allowance must be made for the feelings of Birmingham Conservatives. For more than fifty years, ever since the Reform Bill of 1832, they were completely exiled from power, both municipally and at Westminster. At length the long-delayed Conservative re-action began, and in 1885, when the Liberals were still a united party, Mr. Bright only saved his seat from Lord Randolph's attempt upon it by a very narrow majority. Not unnaturally, therefore, the local Conservatives argue: Apart from Liberal Unionist help we are at least as strong now as we were in 1885, and why should not the Liberal Unionists, as we are undoubtedly the stronger of the two divisions of the party, be content with a Conservative representative? Of course, the simple answer to this is that the circumstances are exceptional, and that good taste, to say nothing of prudence, should have induced these bellicose gentlemen to acquiesce in the nomination of Mr. John Albert Bright, who, if the name of no other candidate had been mooted, would, as the son of his father, have been returned unopposed. Lord Randolph Churchill, whose ambition was no doubt sorely tempted, has shown a commendable example of self-control, and we hope that, before these lines appear in print, his would-be constituents of the Central Division will have done likewise.

**THE COUNTY COUNCILS.**—On Monday the County Councils throughout the country formally assumed the functions granted to them by the Local Government Act. Hereafter it will probably be found that the day marked a most important era in our history. Whether for good or ill, these Councils are destined to play a great part in English public life. Already they have extensive powers, and it is certain that, if they prove competent for the task which has been entrusted to them, their sphere of activity will soon be greatly widened. Fortunately, as Mr. Ritchie said in his excellent speech at Leicester, we have solid grounds for hoping that the most favourable anticipations with regard to the new bodies will be fulfilled. When the Local Government Bill was introduced, many good people were greatly alarmed. The very bases of our institutions, they thought, were being removed; and Ministers were warned that they were preparing the way for an age of jobbery and corruption in the management of local affairs. The elections have shown that there was no occasion for these wild terrors. Country gentlemen form a powerful element in the Councils; and the men of different classes who are associated with them seem, upon the whole, to have little taste for other than safe and honourable methods of administration. It is to be hoped, however, that the public will steadily watch the proceedings of the Councils. Even the best of representatives do their work more faithfully and thoroughly when they are aware that not a single false step on their part will escape the censure of their constituents.

**INDIAN RAILWAYS.**—At the last meeting of the Indian Legislative Council Mr. Steel advocated a rapid development of the railway system by means of borrowed capital. A good deal might be said for that policy if the money could be raised in the country, and the plant be manufactured there. But that being out of the question, this unlimited borrowing would still further depreciate the rate of exchange against India by increasing the home charges. That our great dependency has done pretty well in the matter of railway construction is shown by Sir J. Durand's statistics. She now has nearly 15,000 miles open for traffic, and most of the lines earn sufficient to pay decent dividends. But the total cost of this great network of quick communications now amounts to 186,000,000*l.*, a gigantic sum even for rich England to have embarked in such a distant venture. It is from her coffers that nearly all the money comes; there are, of course, plenty of wealthy natives, but they can turn their accumulations to far more profitable account. It has to be remembered, also, that all, or almost all, the most remunerative routes are already occupied, so that new lines would have to put up with odd scraps of goods traffic and comparatively few passengers. On the other hand, construction is very much cheaper than it used to be, when English contractors made such handsome pickings. On the whole, however, the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the go-ahead policy advocated by Mr. Steel might land the Calcutta Treasury in serious financial difficulties. Whenever there is a proved want of a new line, let it be made. But to construct railways on the chance of their ultimately creating traffic would be adopting the plan which has been attended by such heavy loss in the United States.



**FLOGGING ARMED BURGLARS.**—Lord Milltown's proposal (prompted, of course, by the recent affair at Muswell Hill) that housebreakers found in possession of fire-arms should be liable to corporal punishment, was favourably received by the House of Lords. Concerning this suggestion, however, a remark may be made which we do not think was made in the course of the debate. Whether garotting was stopped by the fear of the lash may be a moot point—we ourselves think with Lord Salisbury that it was; but none of the speakers noted that it was the peculiar *cruelty* of this method of robbery which caused the Legislature to punish it by flogging. The footpad, on the mere chance of plunder, put his victim to great bodily suffering, and even danger. It is quite true that most people would rather be half-strangled by a garotter's sturdy arm than shot in a vital part, as was young Mr. Atkin, still it is easy to see that there is an element of cruelty in the former crime which is not found in the latter. If Parliament really wishes to discourage armed burglars, it had far better make the possession of the revolver, that most pernicious and useless of weapons (except for mischievous purposes), costly and difficult. As for flogging, we would give Judges and magistrates power to inflict it in all cases of deliberate cruelty, wife-beating, ill-treatment of children, brutal assaults, and the like. The present penalty for such offences is often absurdly inadequate.

**CHANNEL ACCIDENTS.**—The passage from England to the Continent is generally so quickly and so easily accomplished that the idea of danger is seldom associated with it. Yet from time to time we are reminded that passengers have no absolute guarantee of security. The accidents to the *Invicta* and to the *Victoria*—the former a year ago, the latter three years ago—created a feeling of uneasiness; and now a great deal of alarm has been caused by the disaster which has befallen the *Comtesse de Flandre*. The word "accident" does not accurately represent what really happened in this case. There was a dense fog at the time of the collision; but the existence of a fog affords no sort of excuse for so terrible a calamity. The circumstances have been officially investigated at Ostend, and the result of the inquiry ought to be that no precaution that can be suggested by skill or experience will in future be neglected. Every year many thousands of persons cross the Channel on business or for pleasure, and during the approaching summer an unusually large number of visitors will be attracted to France by the Paris Exhibition. All who step on board any of the vessels plying between England on the one hand, and France or Belgium on the other, should be able to feel that "accidents" are practically impossible. Vessels going and coming ought, as far as the changes in the tide will allow them, to avoid travelling over the same paths; and it is obvious that during fogs there should be slackened speed, a free use of the fog-horn, and a steady look-out. If such elementary rules as these were always strictly attended to, it is hard to believe that a case of collision would ever again be heard of.

**THE REVENUE.**—The recovery in trade does not show so strongly in the revenue returns for 1888-9 as might have been expected. There is a considerable increase, it is true, after making allowances for the remission of income-tax and the large transfer to the new local governing bodies. But Customs appear to have lost much of the elasticity which used to carry them up by leaps and bounds at times of industrial activity, while Excise is rather worse than stationary. Since, therefore, these are the heads of revenue which form the surest tests of the economic condition of the working classes, it seems pretty clear that a good many humble households must still be pinched by poverty. On the other hand, the commercial world is evidently doing well; stamps, the Post Office, and the postal telegraphs alike bear witness to that pleasant fact. But for the transfer of some 1,400,000*l.* from stamps to the local government treasury, the increase would amount to nearly 700,000*l.*, while the postal augmentation under the two heads is 580,000*l.* It looks anomalous that trade should be thus thriving while the toil on which it hangs shows little improvement. That is easily explained, however; the company-promoting and collateral business which distinguished the past financial year added very largely to stamp and postal receipts, but scarcely affected the proletariat. On the whole, the return is rather disappointing; not that it indicates any present likelihood of bad times, but the Board of Trade returns and the railway traffic receipts caused the public to infer that industrial stagnation had entirely vanished. That is by no means the case; there are some solid remnants still lingering in most of our manufacturing cities.



FOR ADVERTISEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY see page 362.

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS: one illustrating the MEETING of the QUEENS of ENGLAND and SPAIN at SAN SEBASTIAN; the other being a continuation of Mr. H. H. Johnston's "HISTORY OF A SLAVE."

## NOTICE.

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## "SILENT SYMPATHY"

PUTTING man aside as an exceptional being, the gift of speech is very unequally distributed among the rest of the animal creation. Fish, as far as we are aware, are wholly mute; the sounds emitted by insects come from their wings or legs rather than from their throats; while birds—especially the small non-carnivorous birds—are very highly-gifted as regards voice. In fact, life with them is a perpetual opera, and they express every emotion of which their bosoms are capable by bursting into song. Quadrupeds are far less happily furnished in this respect, they have voices—as everyone knows who has been kept awake by a barking dog—but their voices seem unavailable for expressing the softer emotions. There remains, however, the eloquence of the eye and tail, and these are very strongly developed in the dog-tribe. No human voice, however gentle and compassionate, could express more true sympathy than the eye of this Newfoundland as he silently gazes on his disabled terrier-friend.

## FUNERAL OF MR. BRIGHT

THE mortal remains of Mr. John Bright were buried on March 30th, in the midst of the town which was his birthplace, in the little graveyard of the meeting-house in which he had been a life-long worshipper, and with the absence of ceremony customary in the Society of Friends. There was something especially affecting in the contrast between the intended plainness and privacy of the

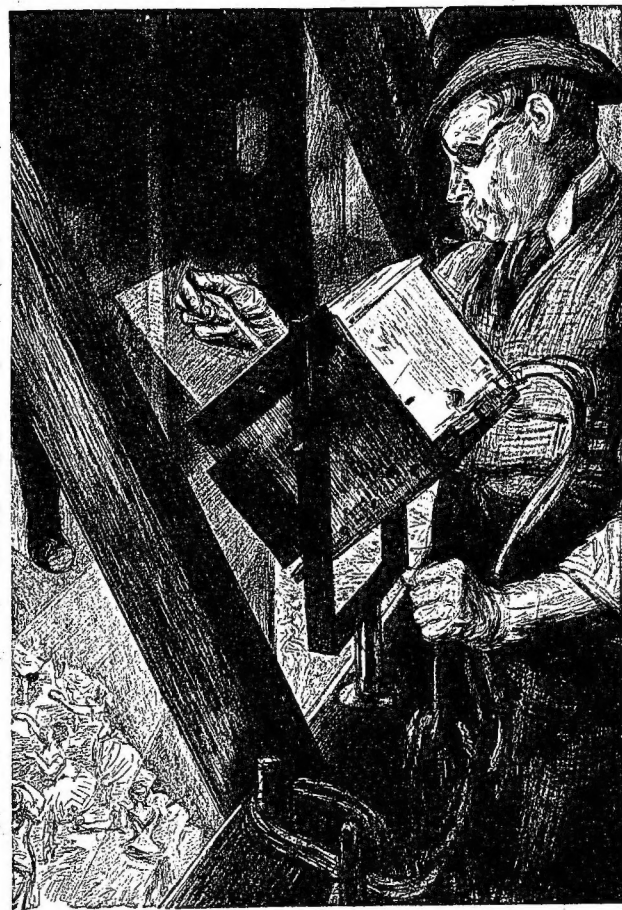
last tokens of respect paid to the deceased, and the widespread sympathy which converted a simple ceremony into an imposing public function. The entire route between Mr. Bright's residence at One Ash and the Friends' burial-ground, which is a small enclosure abutting on Yorkshire Street, Rochdale, was filled with sympathetic on-lookers, despite the threatening weather, which changed to persistent rain by the time the hearse reached its destination. Only those provided with tickets were admitted to the enclosure and the meeting-house, the space being so very limited. The hearse had glass sides, through which the dark oak coffin, on which were three or four beautiful wreaths, was visible to all as it passed. A number of carriages followed, containing relatives, persons of political distinction, and employees of Mr. Bright's firm. On arriving at the enclosure, after a period of silent meditation, according to Quaker custom, the coffin—which bore only the following inscription, "John Bright. Born Nov. 16, 1811. Died March 27, 1889"—was placed close to the grave. The principal mourners gathered round it, and General Gardiner, the Queen's Equerry (who had on his arm Mrs. Bright, daughter-in-law of the deceased), stepped forward, and placed on the coffin the beautiful wreath of white and yellow flowers which had been sent from Biarritz by the Queen. Attached to it was a sheet of black-edged paper, inscribed with her Majesty's autograph in the words, "A mark of respect from Victoria, R.I." As the sending of wreaths and flowers had been deprecated, only a few other floral tributes were laid on the coffin. After this a prayer was offered up by Mr. B. Braithwaite, of the Westminster Meeting House; and an address delivered by Mr. W. S. Lean, Principal of the Friends' College, Ackworth. Then, as the town-hall clock struck the hour of noon, the coffin was carefully and reverently lowered into its final resting-place. The grave was not closed on Sunday, and during the day many people were permitted to take a last glance at the coffin.

## MEMORIAL TO MR. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

ON March 27th an address was presented to Mr. W. H. Smith in his private room at the House of Commons, which was signed by nearly all the unofficial members of the Conservative party who were in town, and approved by those who happened to be in the country. The document, which was handed to Mr. Smith by Sir John Mowbray, Mr. R. W. Hanbury, and Sir John Colomb, spoke of the subscribers' cordial appreciation of Mr. Smith's leadership of the House of Commons in the face of extraordinary difficulties, and conveyed a hope that this assurance of support would aid him in the discharge of his arduous duties. Mr. Smith, in reply, thanked the deputation, and said that so long as his health permitted he would not fail in his duty to the party.

## AT A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL

"FINAL INSTRUCTIONS" is a sketch of Mdlle. Palladino, a "premier sujet," and of her father, who has been her chief dancing master. This young lady has also been a pupil at Milan—that training school of so many celebrated dancers. Both there and at Naples the pupils are taught by the best masters in Europe, and



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

these two schools furnish the principal "stars" which shine on the theatrical and operatic stage throughout the globe. Indeed, at both these schools dancing is not merely considered as a profession, but is revered as a creed or religion, and the pupils when they have finished their course hold little else in life in esteem save the muse Terpsichore and her votaries.

The annexed engraving, "Lights and Shadows," represents an unfortunate lime-light man, who lost an eye through a gas explosion in the theatre while manipulating the apparatus. He was laid up for eight months, after which he was able to resume his ordinary functions.

## "RICHARD III." AT THE GLOBE

WERE William Shakespeare now in the flesh, he would be in an excellent financial position, for at three of the leading London theatres he has a piece "on the run." Nowadays, his plays do not spell bankruptcy, if—this "if" is all-important—certain conditions are observed. First of all, there must be at least one leading actor or actress whose popularity is so clearly assured that the public will flock to see him or her in a Shakespearian part out of pure curiosity, independent of the effectiveness with which the character is presented. Secondly, there must be no slovenliness about the way in





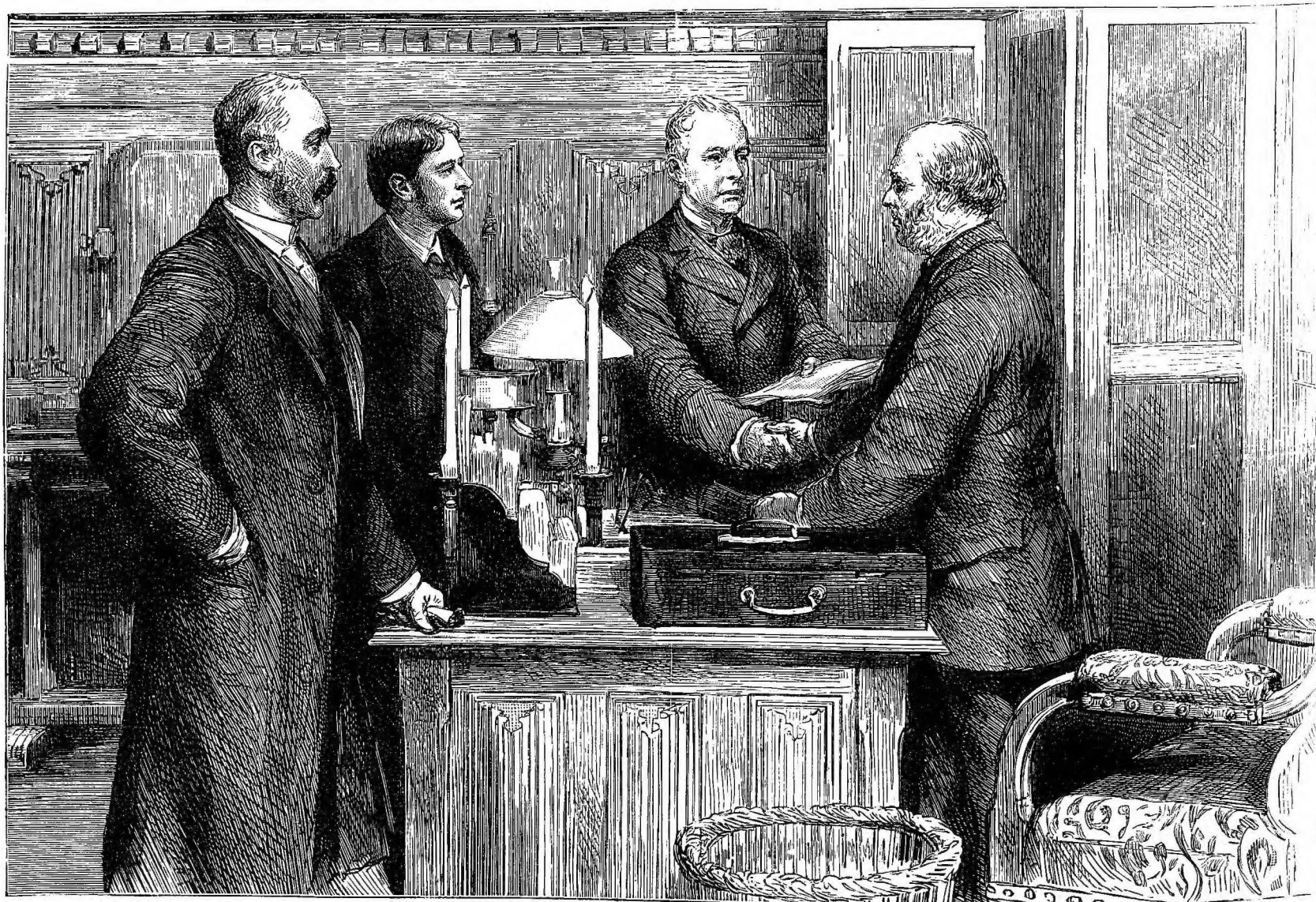
THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. JOHN BRIGHT AT ROCHDALE  
GENERAL GARDINER PLACING THE QUEEN'S WREATH UPON THE COFFIN

Sir J. Colomb

Mr. R. W. Hanbury

Sir J. R. Mowbray

Mr. W. H. Smith

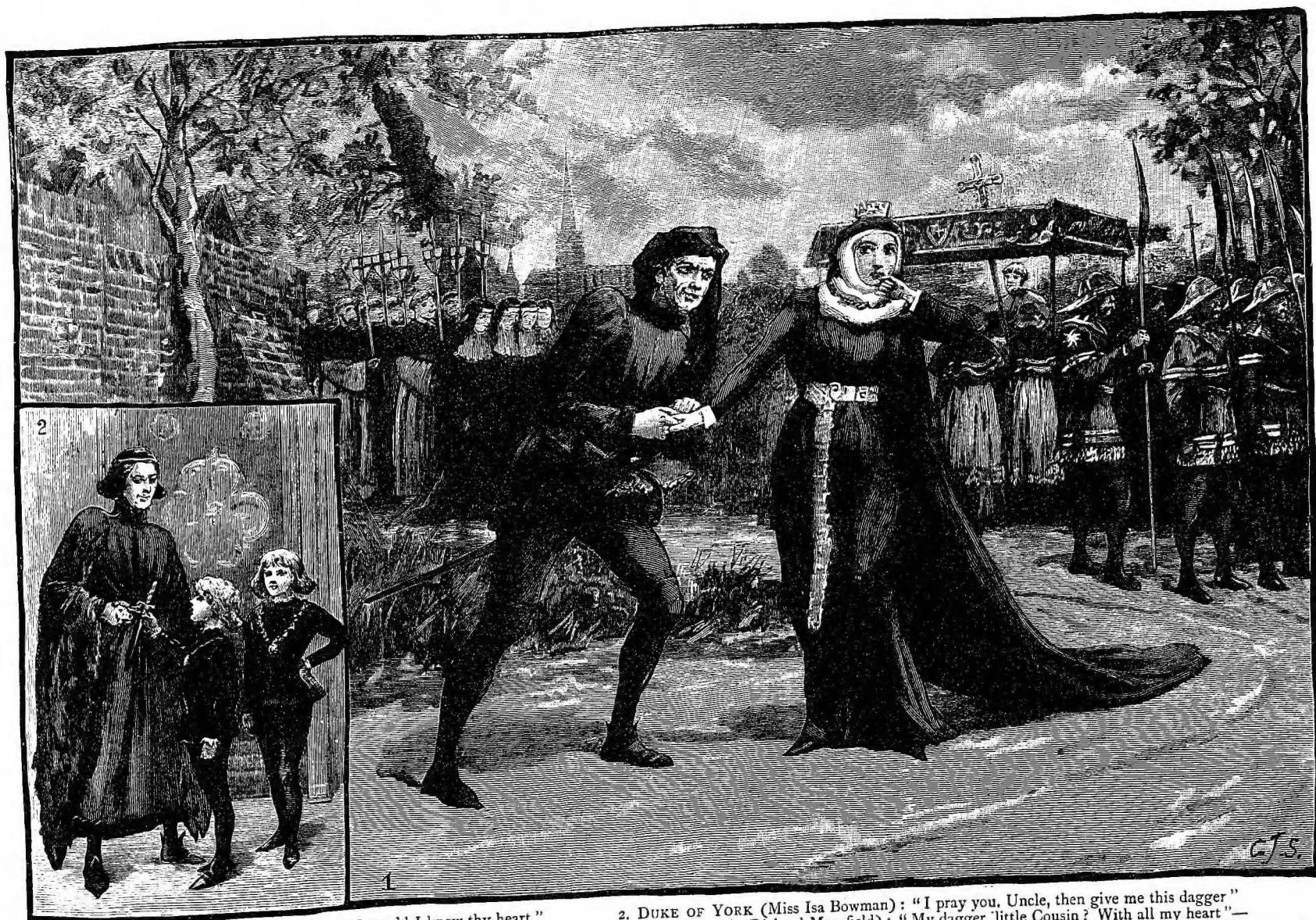


PRESENTATION OF A MEMORIAL TO MR. W. H. SMITH ON BEHALF OF CONSERVATIVE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS





A REHEARSAL FOR A PANTOMIME—FINAL INSTRUCTIONS



1. LADY ANNE (Miss Beatrice Cameron): "I would I knew thy heart"  
GLOSTER (Mr. Richard Mansfield): "'Tis figured in my tongue."—  
ACT I., Scene ii.

2. DUKE OF YORK (Miss Isa Bowman): "I pray you, Uncle, then give me this dagger"  
GLOSTER (Mr. Richard Mansfield): "My dagger, little Cousin? With all my heart"—  
ACT III., Scene i.

"RICHARD III." AT THE GLOBE THEATRE



which the play is produced. The performers must be carefully drilled; and the scenery, costumes, stage-effects, and general *mise en scène* must be first-rate. All these conditions are fulfilled in Mr. Richard Mansfield's production of *Richard III.* at the Globe Theatre. The public have already recognised in Mr. Mansfield an original and intelligent performer, and the unconventional tone of his conception of Gloucester, together with the conversational tone in which the blank verse is delivered by the performers generally, rather took the fancy of the audience, although the innovation would have shocked an older generation of playgoers. We have already fully criticised the performance. It suffices therefore here to say, that our artist has selected two scenes for illustration, one from the wooing of Lady Anne (enacted by Miss Beatrice Cameron, a very agreeable and graceful actress) by the sinister Gloucester; the other from the scene which precedes the murder of the young Princes where Richard converses with his nephew, the Duke of York, charmingly played by Miss Isa Bowman.

### THE DISASTER TO A CHANNEL STEAMER

THE Belgian mail steamer *Comtesse de Flandre* left Ostend at a quarter-past ten on the morning of yesterday week for Dover, with twenty-three passengers and a crew of twenty-four. The weather was exceedingly foggy at the time, and the fog-horn was accordingly kept sounding at regular intervals. At about half-past one, when off Dunkirk, another steamer was seen to be looming on her star-board side, and in a few seconds the unfortunate *Comtesse de Flandre* was cut in two amidships. The inrush of cold water caused the boilers to explode, and the forepart of the vessel sank at once, the captain, who was on the bridge at the time, was drowned, together with the chief officer, who was at breakfast, the three engineers, five stokers, and one sailor. The colliding vessel proved to be the *Princesse Henriette*, of the same line, which was making her voyage from Dover, and her captain and crew immediately exerted themselves to the utmost to save the remainder of the passengers and crew of the sinking vessel. All but three (Mr. Henry Algernon Osborn, of Sheffield, Bedfordshire; M. Florent Goossens, of Antwerp; and M. Creutzen, of Liège) of the passengers were rescued, including Prince Jérôme Bonaparte, who, under the name of Comte de Moncalieri, was crossing to England on a visit to the Empress Eugénie, with his *aide-de-camp*, Baron Brunet. His valet, however, Theodule Castel, who had been with the Prince for forty years, died shortly after being rescued. Mlle. Schindeleer, of Antwerp, was also seriously injured, and lies in a precarious state in a hospital at Ostend. As the afterpart of the *Comtesse de Flandre* still floated, the *Princesse Henriette* took it in tow until met by the Ostend tug. The latter then took charge of the wreck, which, however, sank before it could be brought into harbour. The *Princesse Henriette*, which is a fine iron steamer of 1,000 tons, and was new only last year, was very little damaged in her bows. The *Comtesse de Flandre* was about half her size and tonnage, and had seen eighteen years of service. The actual cause of the disaster has not been ascertained, but it is generally attributed to the steamers endeavouring to get out of the way of a fishing-boat, whose horn was sounding at the time.—Our page illustration is from a description by Mr. H. Gillett, who was a passenger on board the *Comtesse de Flandre*, and who writes:—"I was on the fore part of the ship, and saw the *Princesse Henriette* looming up fifty yards away. Some others of the passengers also saw her at the same time, and commenced screaming and shouting. We could all see there was really no chance of avoiding a collision, and I ran to the after part of the ship, the stewardess dragging a lady out of a cabin just aft of the engine-room as I passed. I ran forward again as the vessel struck us, and was enveloped in smoke and steam from the explosion of the boiler, which took place as soon as the *Princesse Henriette* cut into us. I stumbled and fell, but got up and tumbled into a boat on the fore part of the ship. There were several others in the boat with me trying to unhitch it, but we were unable to do so, and sank with the fore part of the vessel. I went down, but on coming to the surface caught hold of an oar, which however, I found would not support me, and I sank again. On coming up I managed to grasp a piece of wood, and remained floating for about seven minutes, when I was picked up by a boat belonging to the *Princesse Henriette*. I was the last one picked up. Other persons were in the water, but managed to sustain themselves by the aid of floating wreckage."

### THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

AND  
MR. MARK BEAUFOY, M.P.

See page 360

### THE HON. GUY DAWNAY,

THE fourth son of the seventh Viscount Downe, by his marriage with Mary Isabel, daughter of Dr. Bagot, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was born in 1848, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He was M.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire from 1882 to 1885, and was Surveyor-General of Ordnance in Lord Salisbury's first Ministry. His love of adventure led him into hunting expeditions in India, Persia, Abyssinia, the Soudan, Zululand, and Masailand, besides which he volunteered for actual campaigns. During the Zulu War of 1879 his knowledge of the country caused him to be appointed Intelligence Officer on the Staff, for which he received the medal with clasps. He met his death at Ngiri, Masailand, on February 28th. He had shot a buffalo, and drew near to it, believing it to be dead, when it rose, and killed him instantaneously, smashing his rifle into two parts.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

### THE SIKKIM NEGOTIATIONS—THE CHINESE AMBAH AT GNATONG

THE Chinese Ambah, or Envoy, deputed to conduct negotiations with the British authorities for the settlement of the Sikkim difficulty with the Tibetans, arrived at Gnatong on January 12th, and was received by Mr. Paul, chief political officer, Mr. Ney Elias, Captain Travers, D.A.A.G. of the Force; Major Maxwell, commanding the Fort; Lieutenant Stopford, of the Derbyshire Regiment; and Lieutenant Gray, Chief Commissioner. The Ambah arrived in a species of closed sedan-chair, carried by four men and attended by thirty-two Tibetan coolies, harnessed by ropes, so as to assist when ascending a hill. He was escorted by a detachment of the Hereditary Guard of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa, and two Chinese regiments. Mr. Durand, now Sir Mortimer Durand, K.C.I.E., arrived at Gnatong shortly afterwards to conduct the negotiations, the failure of which, through the persistence of the Tibetans in claiming to be the chief power in Sikkim, is now a matter of history.

### PICTURES FROM THE CATALOGUE OF INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

These drawings are explained by the titles affixed. A criticism of the Gallery appeared in our issues of March 23 and March 30.

### THE ROYAL MEETING AT SAN SEBASTIAN

THE meeting between Queen Victoria of England and Queen Regent Christina of Spain took place on Wednesday, March 27. Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Rutland, the Minister in Attendance, Sir H. Pakenham, Lady Churchill, and others of her suite, left

Biarritz about noon. At the frontier town of Irun Her Majesty was received on behalf of the Queen Regent by the Marquis de la Vega de Amijo, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Marquis de Casa Irujo, Lord-in-Waiting, and by Sir Clare Ford, the British Minister to Madrid. Her Majesty then entered the Spanish Royal train, and left immediately for San Sebastian, where she was received at the Railway Station by the Queen Regent amid a salvo of artillery and the strains of "God Save the Queen." The two Queens embraced each other affectionately, the Queen Regent cordially greeted Prince and Princess Henry, the respective suites and Ministers were introduced, and then the two Queens, entering a State carriage drawn by four horses, and escorted by a detachment of Horse Guards on black Hussars. The streets were decorated with flags and triumphal arches, and were thronged with thousands of people, who enthusiastically cheered their Royal visitors, the balconies along the route being filled with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs as the Royal cortege passed. Much curiosity was shown by the crowd concerning Her Majesty's kilted Highlander and two Indian servants. At the Villa Ayete lunch was served, and the Royal party went to the Town Hall in the old Plaza—which presented a curious appearance, the quaint old houses being crowded to the roofs with peasants in their picturesque costumes. There the Queens were received by the Mayor, and witnessed a performance of the National Basque dance and some national sports from the windows; at the conclusion of which they drove direct to the station, where the Queen Regent took an affectionate leave of her visitors on the platform; and then, changing her mind, entered the train and accompanied them as far as Irun, whence Queen Victoria and her suite proceeded to Biarritz, and the Queen Regent returned to San Sebastian.

### THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE, II.

See pp. 365 et seqq.

### "THE TENTS OF SHEM"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brevtnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 360

### ST. PAUL'S GARDEN

IN bygone days, St. Paul's Churchyard was one of the great resorts of the popular gossips, and thither Londoners were wont to flock in time of excitement to learn the last new thing in frivolity or the latest news from the wars. It was at once—remarks a recent writer—the Exchange, the Club, and the meeting-place of the Metropolis. Paul's Cross was in the heart of the City. There men threw up their bonnets when they heard of Crecy and Agincourt, there they listened to the first preachings of Wycliffe, there they organised their choicest pageants when a new Sovereign visited the City for the first time, or brought his spouse to show her to his lieges, and there they gathered with frowning brows beneath iron caps when London threw in its lot with the Parliament, and the trained bands marched off to fight the King's forces. St. Paul's Churchyard is still a place of popular resort. Business men go there, hurrying past on their way to gather gold in Lombard Street, or Mincing Lane, while others of quieter tastes saunter through into that emporium of literature, Paternoster Row. Ladies flock to the great millinery establishments which flourish around Sir Christopher Wren's great monument, while children play in the pretty garden and shrubbery, into which the Churchyard proper, in common with so many London burial-places, has been converted of late years. This peaceful oasis in the midst of the roar and hurry-scurry of City life is shown in our illustration, and a pleasanter spot wherein to rest for a few minutes, and forget all the toil and turmoil of the busy world around, could not be desired. On a fine day it is heartily appreciated by young and old, and it is a difficult task to find a vacant place on the comfortable seats with which the garden is provided—the harmony of the scene being completed by the flocks of pigeons which flutter almost at your feet to pick up the crumbs from the frugal lunch of some wayfarer or fresh-air-loving City employé.

NOTE.—In the illustration in our issue of the 23rd ult. of the surrender of a dacoit chief, Myat Hmon, we erroneously described the chief as the central figure, wearing a high hat. This gentleman we are informed is really Mung Tson Hla Phru, Extra-Assistant-Commissioner, to whom Myat Hmon surrendered. He is a very enlightened Arrakanese, who has recently visited England. Our informant writes, "He is a good English scholar, and almost the only one of his countrymen whom I have known to adopt the English dress."



WHILST the House of Commons is sitting late and early, seething with excitement, and struggling with the ever accumulating load of work, the House of Lords daily makes-believe to be a legislative assembly. A few Sessions ago it suddenly and resolutely resolved to meet half an hour earlier than heretofore. Formerly public business used to commence at five o'clock. Now it opens promptly at half-past four; and, as happened on Monday, not infrequently closes at twenty-five minutes to five. But these five minutes of steady effort, with the shoulder to the wheel, do not comprise the full length of the sitting. At a quarter to four the Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the Woolsack, and the youngest Bishop reads prayers. If there is any private Bill at hand, it is taken at that time. But public business may not be approached till the hand of the clock touches half-past four. It accordingly comes to pass that the few strangers in the gallery look down on the curious scene of the Lord Chancellor, wiggled and gowned, sitting in the silent company of the Mace; whilst on the benches on either hand six or eight elderly gentlemen lounge and patiently wait. At half-past four the Lord Chancellor submits any resolution that may be on the notice-paper, or any Bill that may await a stage in its progress to the Statute Book. Then, there being nothing else to do, their lordships go home, generally looking in enviously upon the more bustling scene in the other House.

In the Commons, Supply is still the order of the day, preceded by the customary clatter of questions. Since the formal debates came off indicting the Chief Secretary, the Home Secretary, and the Attorney-General in connection with the Parnell Commission, there has been a notable falling-away both in the number and the irritability of questions. Sir William Harcourt has temporarily retired to the background, and Mr. Healy is more usefully and lucratively employed in cross-examining witnesses in cases where he holds briefs. Mr. Parnell is never seen in the House—not even putting in an appearance to contribute his share to the well-ordered chorus of eloquence that rose about the unclosed coffin of John Bright.

This event happened on Friday in last week, and was equal to the best traditions of the House of Commons. The Chamber was crowded in every part, from floor to the topmost range of the Strangers' Galleries. To the House itself an unfamiliar and striking appearance was lent by the uncovering of members throughout the delivery of the speeches. Sometimes when a Message from the Queen is read in the House, and etiquette pre-

scribes that members should uncover, a recalcitrant Irish member or a resolute Radical, disturbs the unanimity of sentiment by keeping his hat on. On Friday night there was no individual protest of this character. Members sat closely packed, shoulder to shoulder, in long serried rows, all bareheaded. Mr. Smith led off with a speech, the simplicity and genuine feeling of which reached nearer the level of eloquence than is usually attempted by the First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Gladstone satisfied the high expectation formed of his speech. Lord Hartington spoke admirably, and Mr. Justin McCarthy delivered a perfect little oration, which some judges venture to place on a level with Mr. Gladstone's more ambitious and sustained effort.

Oddly enough Mr. Chamberlain on this historic occasion met with his first failure in the House of Commons. Feeling himself cut off from the general view of Mr. Bright's career, which had been taken in varying ways by the three representative speakers who had preceded him, he was driven—or felt himself bound—to take a purely local view of Mr. Bright. It was as the Member for Birmingham that he spoke of the great Englishman the House had met to honour, and it was with something of a shudder that the crowded audience, with its feelings wrought up by the lofty eloquence to which it had of late listened, heard particulars, highly creditable to Birmingham, and convenient to Mr. Bright, respecting the especial exemption of the Member for Central Birmingham from all those calls upon his purse which vex the souls of ordinary members.

In the absence of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Healy, Mr. Sexton, who gives up to London much that was meant for Dublin, appropriates a considerable space at Question time. Mr. Sexton is just now Lord Mayor of Dublin, and is privileged to be alluded to in the course of debate as "the right hon. gentleman." Members driven to explain his persistent interposition in parliamentary proceedings maliciously find occasion in this circumstance. To hear himself formally alluded to by the Chief Secretary for Ireland as "the right hon. gentleman" is (so it is said) music to the ear of a gentleman not obtrusively lacking in appreciation of his own excellence. However it be, the fact remains that during the Question hour Mr. Sexton literally pervades the premises. Some member puts a question down on the paper. It is replied to in due course by the Solicitor-General for Ireland or the Chief Secretary, when up jumps Mr. Sexton, who, in an aggressive manner, takes the interrogatory out of the hands of the original promotor, and insists upon the Minister addressing him in reply. Then comes the inevitable reference to "the right hon. gentleman," and Mr. Sexton listens with pleased content. There follows another question, and once more the Lord Mayor of Dublin appears on the scene, wrangling for several minutes, whilst Mr. Balfour, with his meaning smile and his graceful inclination of the head, "right-honourable-gentlemen" him to the top of his bent.

All this while Supply is in a very backward state. In accordance with a pledge given in the Autumn Session, and renewed in the opening days of the present one, Supply has been put in the forefront of work, and two days a week are regularly devoted to it. This is in addition to debate in Committee of Supply on the proposals for the strengthening of the Navy put forward by Lord George Hamilton. These occupied the House the whole of Monday night, and were taken up again from a fresh point of attack on Thursday. On Monday Mr. Cremer moved an amendment refusing to authorise the expenditure represented by the Government as necessary for the strengthening of the Navy. The Chiefs of the Opposition, and the great bulk of the Liberal Party, declined to accept Mr. Cremer's leadership in this matter. As was shown in a division, only eighty-five members voted with him, 256 supporting the Government. Nevertheless the amendment was talked around throughout the whole of the sitting, and a division was made possible only by invoking the Closure. On Thursday fresh and more serious objection was taken to the Ministerial scheme in an amendment moved by Mr. Childers, denouncing as unconstitutional the scheme of spreading a portion of the cost of the new naval force over a period of seven years, thus tying the hands of Parliaments yet unborn.

On Wednesday, after a lengthy discussion, a Bill dealing with the subject of trust investments, brought forward by Mr. Cozens Hardy, was read a second time. Mr. Arthur Elliott then moved the Second Reading of a measure designed to legalise, as far as Scotland is concerned, marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Discussion on this occupied a thin House for the remainder of the sitting, the Bill being on a division carried by 184 votes against 131.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE present exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery contains some works showing distinct originality as well as competent technical skill; but they bear a very small proportion to the whole, and do not compensate for the absence of numerous able artists who seceded from the Society in the early part of last year. The works of the older members present no especially novel feature, and only a few of them are seen quite at their best. Mr. Leslie Thompson's sea-coast view, "Anglesea," suffused with mist and illuminated by faint sunshine, is an excellent work, spacious in effect, and delicately modulated in tone. Mr. J. S. Noble's three life-sized "Queen Hounds" are full of vitality, and painted with breadth and vigour. The church interiors by Mr. Wyke Bayliss are carefully studied in detail, but, like most of his recent works, confused in effect and flimsily painted. Mr. W. H. Pike is likely to prove a valuable acquisition to the Society of which he has recently become a member. His two small Venetian scenes, "Where Merchants meet to Congregate" and "Polenta and Fruit-Shops," with many more characteristic and life-like figures, are full of daylight and movement, brilliant, but perfectly harmonious, in colour, and executed with unobtrusive dexterity and firmness. "Pauvres Gens" is the appropriate title of a large domestic scene—apparently Flemish—in profoundly melancholy in subject and uncompromisingly realistic in treatment, by Mr. Hubert Vos. The men, women, and children, assembled near the bed of a dying man, are of a rather low type, and the show evident signs of abject poverty. The squalid features of the dimly-lighted room are in perfect keeping with them. The picture is consistent as a whole, and conveys an impression of its absolute fidelity to fact. Mr. Dudley Hardy's picture of a lonely old woman in a gloomy cottage, "Thoughts of the Absent," is marked by sober harmony of tone and broad simplicity of treatment. The by companion picture, representing the interior of a studio, is not quite so good. Mr. Percy Belgrave's sombre "Twilight in the Woods," so good. Mr. R. W. A. Rouse's "Stormy Evening," Mr. C. Thornely's "Rye, Sussex," and Mr. E. Elliott's "Solitude" are among the best of many good landscapes of small size.



POLITICAL.—Lord Randolph Churchill has declined the invitation of the Local Conservative Committee to stand for the seat vacant in Central Birmingham through the death of Mr. Bright. Before coming to this decision, he consulted Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who were all in favour of so

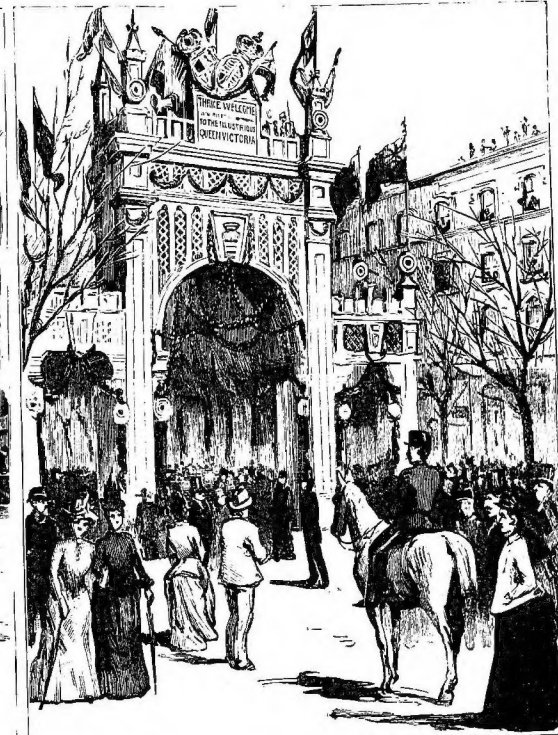




THE TWO QUEENS WATCHING THE BASQUE GAMES FROM THE WINDOW OF THE TOWN HALL  
THE MEETING BETWEEN THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND SPAIN AT SAN SEBASTIAN



TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN THE AVENUE OF LIBERTY



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF THE PROVINCE IN THE AVENUE OF LIBERTY



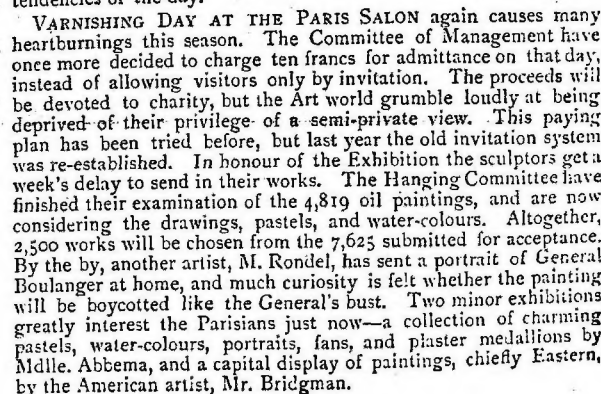
THE CARRIAGE OF THE TWO QUEENS IN THE ROYAL CORTÈGE  
THE MEETING BETWEEN THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND SPAIN AT SAN SEBASTIAN



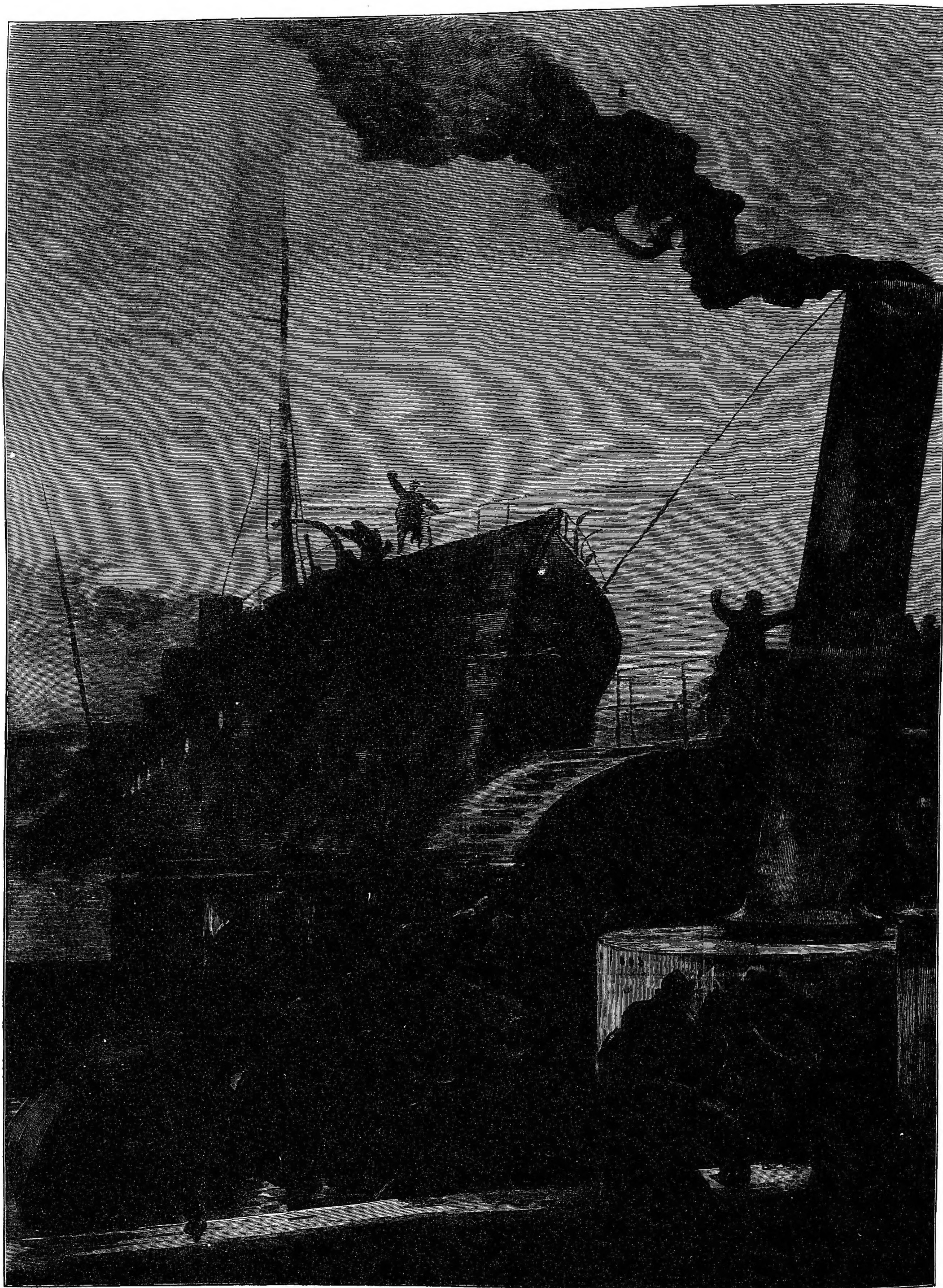
There was nothing new in the bill of the HAYMARKET on Satur-

The LYCEUM will be closed in Passion Week for five nights—viz., from Monday to Friday, re-opening on Saturday, April 20th, with *Macbeth*.

The barometer was highest (30.49 inches) on Thursday (28th ult.); lowest (29.86 inches) on Sunday (31st ult.); range 0.63 inch.  
The temperature was highest (57°) on Friday (25th ult.); lowest (28°) on Thursday (28th ult.); range 29°.  
Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.15 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.10 inch on Saturday (26th ult.).







THE CRASH

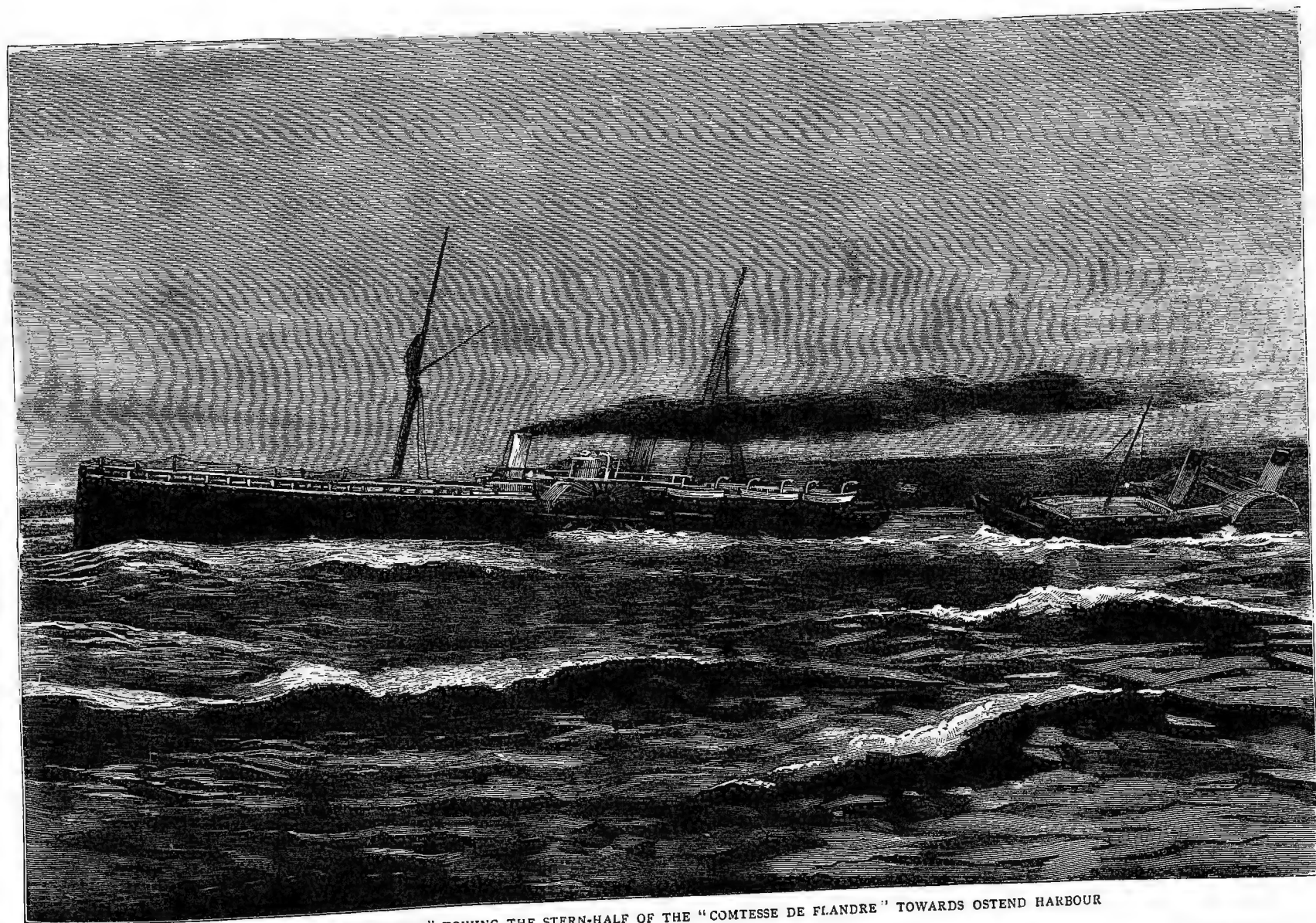
THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE "COMTESSE DE FLANDRE" AND THE "PRINCESS HENRIETTE"

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. H. GILLETT, A SURVIVOR OF THE WRECK, WHO WAS PICKED UP BY A BOAT OF THE "PRINCESS HENRIETTE"





FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE COLLISION—THE BOATS OF THE "PRINCESSE HENRIETTE" PICKING UP SURVIVORS FROM THE "COMTESSE DE FLANDRE"



THE "PRINCESSE HENRIETTE" TOWING THE STERN-HALF OF THE "COMTESSE DE FLANDRE" TOWARDS OSTEND HARBOUR

THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE "COMTESSE DE FLANDRE" AND THE "PRINCESS HENRIETTE"





THE political situation in FRANCE has become still further involved this week. M. Tirard and his colleagues are consistently following out their policy of attacking Boulangerism in its stronghold, and, not content with suppressing the League of Patriots and prosecuting its organisers, have decided to put General Boulanger himself on his trial, and to bring him before the Senate on a charge of High Treason. The wisdom of this step is questioned by many of the Moderate Republicans, both as likely to imperil the success of the Exhibition, and to invest the General with all the dangerous prestige of a political martyr. M. Bouchez, also, the Public Prosecutor, refused to make the necessary application to the Chamber for leave to prosecute the General, declaring that there was not sufficient evidence to warrant a charge of conspiracy against the State. M. Tirard with characteristic promptitude at once dismissed M. Bouchez, and appointed a more pliant official in M. Quesnay de Beaupaire, who was to be sworn in on Thursday, when it was expected that the prosecution would be duly instituted. On Tuesday no little stir was created by the disappearance of the General, who took advantage of the delay to escape to Belgium, whence he has issued a manifesto, declaring that he "will never submit to the jurisdiction of a Senate composed of men blinded by mere personal ambition and foolish rancour," but stating that he was willing to respond "on the day on which I am called to appear before our national judges, magistrates or juries!" In the mean while, the General elects to work for the enfranchisement of his fellow citizens across the border. The trial of the leading members of the League of Patriots began on Tuesday, when MM. Déroulède, Naquet, Richard, Turquet, Laguerre, Laisant, and Galliaud were interrogated at the Palais de Justice on the charge of belonging to an unlicensed and secret society. M. Déroulède, who has been the chief promoter, and the heart and soul of the Association, was the first to be questioned, and maintained that the League had been tacitly recognised for the seven years of its existence, that it never had any secret aim—its design being to "regenerate the country, which was debased at home and abroad." The "military organisation" complained of also had existed throughout, and was merely intended to secure systematic action in the event of a sudden dissolution and General Election, while the plan of sending instructions other than by the post or telegraph had been adopted to avoid letters and telegrams being opened by the Government authorities. The League had no arms, but admittedly promoted popular demonstrations, and notably one in December, 1887, when it prevented the election to the Presidency of a candidate "who would have provoked civil war" (M. Jules Simon). This line of answer was adopted, with variations, by all the accused, M. Déroulède's "order of mobilisation" of last February being explained away as referring to the dissolution which was then thought to be momentarily impending. Chief among the subsequent witnesses was Captain Apté, on whom was found the much-talked-of speech on the organisation of the League, which he testified was never delivered, in consequence of instructions from the Committee. There was a general tendency on the part of all those who were examined to make party and political speeches; but all attempts in this direction were sternly repressed by the magistrate.

The chief event in PARIS has been the completion of the Eiffel Tower, which has attained its full height of 984 feet (300 metres). On Sunday M. Eiffel, with a dozen guests, ascended to the summit and hoisted the tricolour, amid much cheering, and a salvo of twenty-one guns. Congratulatory speeches were duly made, and M. Eiffel's health was drunk in bumpers of champagne. A lunch was subsequently given, at which M. Tirard was present, a couple of hundred of the workmen being also entertained; and M. Eiffel made a speech, announcing his satisfaction at having hoisted a flag on the highest monument man had ever constructed. He thanked his fellow-workmen for their assistance, and finished off with a patriotic peroration that France was still capable of great things, and of succeeding where other nations failed. M. Tirard then congratulated M. Eiffel in the name of the French Government, and promised him the decoration of Officer of the Legion of Honour. The tower, now that it is completed, is far from the unsightly object that had been prophesied; and some idea of its enormous height may be gathered from the fact that it is more than two and a half times as high as St. Paul's, more than twice the height of the Great Pyramid, of St. Peter's at Rome, and of the Strassburg and Antwerp spires, and more than four times that of the towers of Notre Dame and Canterbury Cathedrals. Forty minutes were occupied in the descent, but lifts are expected to be ready in a few weeks' time, when the charge for admission will be a franc for the first platform, two francs for the second, and three francs for the complete ascent. As for the Exhibition itself, the works are in a very fair way of progress, and every-thing promises to be well forward by the opening day.

GERMANY and the UNITED STATES have been saddened by a terrible catastrophe off Samoa, where a hurricane has wrecked three war-ships of each nation. The tempest broke over the Samoan Islands on the night of March 16th, and burst before the vessels could escape from the insecure anchorage at Apia, and get out to sea, H.M.S. *Calliope* being the only one out of the seven warships which succeeded, and, drifting seawards before the gale, escaped serious injury. The German gunboat *Eber* was the first to drag her anchor, and, striking against the coral reef which surrounds the harbour, she went down in deep water. As most of the men were under hatches, scarcely one escaped. Her consort, the *Adler*, was lifted bodily by a gigantic sea, and cast on her beam ends on the reef. Of her crew some plunged into the raging surf, and attempted to reach the shore, while others clung to the rigging until the masts went, and then these too were compelled to swim for their lives. The third German vessel, the corvette *Olga*, withstood the gale till the morning, when she was driven on the beach—none of her crew being lost. The total loss of the Germans amounted to nearly all the crew and all but one of the officers of the *Eber*, and seventy-six men and fifteen men from the *Adler*. Of the United States vessels the sloop of war, *Nipsic*, was run ashore on a sandbank, and the crew, taking to the boats, reached land, six men being drowned. The corvette, *Vandalia*, was hurled against the reef, like the *Eber*, and sank, a number of her crew losing their lives; while the corvette, *Trenton*, was driven on to the wreck, and stove in her bottom—subsequently, however, being driven on shore, which was reached by all her crew in safety. The shipwrecked men were most kindly treated by the natives, and Mataafa, whom the Germans have been so vigorously treating as a rebel, heaped coals of fire upon his enemies' heads, and sent a number of men to assist in getting off the *Olga*, which, it is hoped, may yet be saved. The news has created much excitement in Germany, and the young Emperor is stated to have been profoundly moved by the disaster. Much gratification, however, has been expressed both there and in the United States at the telegrams of sympathy which have been sent to the rulers of both countries by Her Majesty, the officers of the British Channel Squadron, and other naval authorities. The German vessels which have been lost were comparatively new, were built of iron and steel, and armed with Krupp guns. The American

vessels were of wood, and from a naval point of view antiquated and obsolete, both as regards their construction and their armament. Both nations are hastening to send fresh vessels to Samoa with a view to prevent any further complications in the political situation—Germany having ordered two and the United States three war-ships to Samoan waters. The disaster is all the more serious to Germany, as through the blockade of the East African coast she can ill spare three vessels from her navy just now.

To return to GERMANY proper, Prince Bismarck celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday on Monday. The Emperor paid him a visit of congratulation, and letters, telegrams, and gifts poured in from all parts of Germany, and indeed of the globe. The Chancellor seems well and hearty, and, last week, took part in the discussion on the Bill for the Insurance of Aged and Indigent Workmen. There are numerous and conflicting reports regarding the forthcoming visit of the Emperor to England, but it is generally believed that it will take place in June, and that the Emperor will visit the Queen as German Emperor in full state—escorted by the German fleet. In all probability he will be accompanied by Prince Henry and Count Bismarck.

IN HOLLAND, all preparations are now being made for establishing a Regency. On Tuesday, a report was read to the States-General from the King's medical attendants, certifying that the maladies from which the King suffered prevented him from attending to State business. The Premier, Baron Mackay, explained that this report had rendered it necessary to summon the Council, which next day accepted the proposition for a Regency into consideration, and it was expected that the Queen would be at once appointed Regent. As the Salic law prevails with regard to the Duchy of Luxembourg, and as there is no male heir to the Dutch Crown to which Luxembourg is personally attached in the same way as Hanover to Great Britain under the Georges, it was settled in 1835 that the succession of the Duchy should pass to the House of Nassau, and this arrangement received the formal consent of the King of Holland and of the Great European Powers. Accordingly Duke Adolph of Nassau has been holding conference at Frankfurt with Herr Eyschen, the President of the Luxembourg Government, and would enter Luxembourg and assume the Government as soon as the Regency was officially proclaimed. Duke Adolph is sixty-two years of age.

IN EASTERN EUROPE Serbia still holds the foremost place in public attention, and some anxiety has been created by the determined attitude of the Radicals, who are organising a strong fighting campaign against the Regents. The elections are expected to give the Radicals a large majority, and when the Skupstina meets, they will formulate four demands—the recall of the Metropolitan Michael, the revision of the divorce proceedings against Queen Nathalie, the appointment of a Radical Regent in place of General Protitch, and the repeal of the Treaty of Commerce between Serbia and Austria-Hungary. As for ex-King Milan, he is visiting Constantinople, where he has been hospitably received by the Sultan.—IN BULGARIA, all is apparently quiet, but the returned political outlaws are beginning to give trouble, and M. Zankoff is hovering about Serbia and Roumania, whence he is expected to launch a denunciatory manifesto against Prince Ferdinand and his régime.—IN TURKEY proper, the Porte is continuing its conflict with the Armenians, and has notified the Patriarch that the study of Armenian history in schools is strictly prohibited—an order which the Patriarch declares it would be out of his power to obey.—IN ROUMANIA, it appears that the announcement that the King's nephew, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, has been proclaimed Crown Prince was an error. No proclamation was necessary, and what really took place was the entry of the Prince's name on the roll of the Senate, as, having finished his military studies in Germany, he is coming to reside in his future kingdom.

FROM INDIA there is little news this week save for a desultory discussion over the Budget, which, however, has been favourably received, and the opening of the Sukkur Bridge over the Indus—the largest structure of the kind on the cantilever principle. The Lushai Expeditionary Force appears to have got to work, and the flying column, after a difficult march through dense jungle, has destroyed Housata's village, Lieutenant Stewart's carbine being discovered in Housata's grave. IN BURMA also the punitive expeditions seem to be busily at work, and the Chin field force has carried out some extensive operations against the Tashon tribe, and has destroyed fifteen villages, including Sayan and Tiggin, the capitals of the tribe. Burma has now been constituted a first-class military district, and divided into three second-class districts, subordinate to the supreme military authority of the Madras Commander-in-Chief.

IN THE UNITED STATES Mr. Robert T. Lincoln has been appointed Minister to Great Britain. He is a son of President Lincoln, who was shot by Wilkes Booth. Mr. John Bright's death has been the subject of numerous eulogistic addresses in the Senate, where a sympathetic resolution was proposed.—IN EASTERN AFRICA Captain Wissmann and Dr. Peters have both arrived at Zanzibar, and the former's European staff, which numbers some 100 personages with the Sudanese troops, and the arms, ammunition, and baggage, are shortly expected.—There has been some renewed fighting at Lake Nyassa between the Lake Company and the Arabs, and much apprehension is felt for the ultimate safety of the Company's officials.—IN AUSTRALIA the revenue returns, both in Victoria and New South Wales, show an increase; and in the latter colony beneficial and much-needed rains have fallen.

Letters from Mr. Stanley have at last arrived, giving direct news of the explorer up to September 5th last. He writes from Bungangeta station on the Ituri, or Aruwimi, River, where he had returned after his meeting with Emin Pasha in order to bring up the reinforcements and stores which he imagined were awaiting him under Major Barttelot, of whose death he was ignorant. His disappointment at only finding one European, Mr. Bonny, and a greatly reduced number of men was great, but he nevertheless determined to start back with them with what stores he could carry and rejoin Emin Pasha. He had taken much longer than he had anticipated to reach the Albert Nyanza and Emin Pasha, owing to the terribly difficult nature of the country he had to traverse, to the treachery of the Arabs and to the hostility of the natives. Of the 380 followers which composed his expedition when he left Yambuya, in June, 1887, only 174 remained when he reached the Albert Nyanza on December 13th. For a hundred and sixty days Stanley and his men traversed a thick, almost impenetrable forest, with no food for two months of the time save wild fruit, fungi, and a large flat bean-shaped nut. The stations of two Arab traders, Ugarrowwa and Abed bin Salim, were passed, and these and their followers did their best to ruin the Expedition short of open hostilities by tempting Stanley's men to desert, and surreptitiously purchasing ammunition, rifles, and clothing from them. When Stanley eventually reached Lake Albert he was compelled to turn back, owing to the hostility of the natives and the want of his boat, which he had left some distance behind. He accordingly retraced his steps for 125 miles, and built a fort at a place called Ibwiri, wherein to house his men, and then sent Lieutenant Stairs to bring the boat from Killanga-Longa Station where it had been left. When this arrived Stanley, who had been seriously ill in the interim, paid a second visit to the Lake, found the natives more friendly, and induced the principal chief, Mazamboni, to make blood brotherhood

with him. Shortly afterwards, on April 22nd, some natives gave him a packet which had been sent to him by a "white man." This proved to be a letter from Emin Pasha, to whose quarters on the Lake Stanley at once sent off Mr. Jephson, and on the evening of April 20th the latter returned in Emin's steamer, bringing Emin Pasha and Signor Casati. Stanley remained with Emin until May 25th, when he returned to Ibwiri—or Fort Bodo as it is now called, and on June 16th set out with one hundred and eleven Zanzibaris and one hundred and one of Emin Pasha's people to look for Major Barttelot and the reinforcements and stores, which he counted on bringing back to Emin Pasha. On August 17th he reached Bunalya, where he found Mr. Bonny with only fifty-two men fit for active service, and a sad record of disaster, desertion, of death, during his absence of thirteen months and twenty days. There were plenty of stores, but few to carry them, while owing to a report of his death his personal effects had been sent down the river as "superfluous." Consequently he only found some spare hats and boots and a flannel jacket to replace his exhausted kit. He intended to return to Emin by a direct and shorter route, and it is from the eastward that we shall probably hear of his safe arrival ere long. Of Emin Pasha's intentions Stanley says little, and that little is somewhat confused, so that we must wait until the two travellers meet again before any definitive information can be gathered.



THE QUEEN has returned to England. Her Majesty's last days at Biarritz were occupied by excursions and entertainments offered by the townspeople. Thus, an elaborate *retraite aux flambeaux* was held at the end of last week, a long procession of infantry, hussars, and gendarmes, carrying torches, marching through the grounds of the Pavillon Rochefoucauld, where they halted to play "God Save the Queen" to the Royal party watching from the windows. Fireworks were also displayed in the neighbouring Avenue Victoria, and the whole town was illuminated. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice spent several mornings sketching near Port Vieux, and also visited the Croix de Montguerre, where they much enjoyed the view. On Saturday morning the Queen and Princess went to the English Church to inspect the porch erected to the memory of the British who fell in the Peninsular War, and later Her Majesty sent everlasting wreaths, inscribed "V. R. I., 1839," to be placed on the graves of the Guards in the cemeteries at St. Étienne. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Broade and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hurt showed the Royal party over the church, and the latter were received at the Pavillon La Rochefoucauld in the evening, when the Duke and Duchess of Rutland and General Munier, commanding the Biarritz garrison, with his wife, joined the Royal party at dinner. Prince Henry of Battenberg left for Arcachon to see Princess Louise, whence he goes on to Paris. On Sunday, the Queen and Princess attended Divine Service in the Pavillon, the Rev. G. E. Broade officiating, and, later, Her Majesty received Lady Stuart. The Queen also wished to see General Bourbaki, who lives near Bayonne, but the General was too ill to come to the Pavillon. Monday was devoted to leave-takings, and, after visiting the chapel attached to the ex-Empress Eugénie's former residence, the Queen received the Mayor of Biarritz, and presented him with her portrait. In the evening the town arranged a farewell torchlight procession and fireworks display. On Tuesday afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Henry quitted Biarritz amidst enthusiastic greetings from the inhabitants who assembled to see the Royal party off. The British Consul and French officials bade Her Majesty farewell at the station, whence the Royal train travelled direct to Cherbourg, arriving early on Wednesday morning. The Royal party crossed the Channel in the *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by the usual yacht flotilla. The Queen much enjoyed her stay at Biarritz, though the weather was somewhat unfavourable, and Her Majesty is decidedly the better in health for the change of air and scene. The visit to San Sebastian also gave great satisfaction, and the Spanish Press have published most laudatory articles on Queen Victoria and the Anglo-Spanish relations.—The Queen comes to town next week to hold the Drawing Room on Friday, and will leave Windsor for Osborne at the beginning of Holy Week. On her return to Windsor in May Her Majesty will hold further Drawing Rooms on the 14th and 16th, while there is also some idea of the Queen visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham during the spring.

The Prince of Wales returned to town on Saturday from staying with Lord and Lady Sefton at Croxeth Hall for the Liverpool Meeting. Neither of his horses was placed in the Grand National. The Princess and daughters went to the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall in the afternoon, while next morning the Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service. On Monday they visited Sir John Millais' studio, received Mr. Wiggins, the Siberian traveller, and went to the French Plays in the evening. The Prince also going to the House of Commons. On Tuesday the Prince held a *levée* on behalf of the Queen, and in the evening the Prince and Princess dined with the Earl and Countess de Grey in Bruton Street. On Thursday the Prince would leave town to witness the Leicester Races, staying with Lord Howe at Gopsall. He returns home to-day (Saturday). The Prince and Princess go to Sandringham for Easter. The Princess has become patroness of Lady Dufferin's Fund for supplying female medical aid to Indian women.

The Duke of Edinburgh comes home on April 10th. The Duchess will not leave Coburg for London till after Easter. The Duke has presented new colours to the Berkshire Regiment.—Prince Christian and his second son have gone to Darmstadt, where they will be joined by the Princess and daughters from Wiesbaden.—Empress Frederick comes to Berlin from Kiel this week for a few days, and will then go to Homburg for two months, where she will entertain Princess Christian.—King Charles of Württemberg has been ill at Nice.—The marriage of the Austrian Arch-Duchess Valérie with Archduke Francis Salvador will be celebrated quite privately next June.



M. BENOIT'S "LUCIFER."—Unfortunately M. Benoit himself, owing to the sudden death of his father, was unable to come to England for the first production in this country by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, on Wednesday night, of his oratorio *Lucifer*. He, however, sent over for this interesting function three representative Belgian vocalists, to wit, a very light tenor, an excellent baritone, and a bass. Those gentlemen—by name MM. Hensler, Blauwaert, and Fontaine—at rehearsal on Monday, expressed



their very natural astonishment at such choral singing as they had never in their lives heard before. For the proper representation of the music Madame Patey also was engaged, and Madame Lemmens Sherington returned to the concert platform to sing the part of the Spirit of Fire. Of the performance itself we cannot, of course, now speak. The work itself is not a little curious. Its power and the keen dramatic instinct of its composer are indisputable, but (the oratorio was written more than twenty years ago) the music betrays a great mixture of styles, that of Berlioz being, perhaps, dominant. The plot undoubtedly suffers from lack of any consistent or sustained story. It opens with a lovely chorus, in which the Spirits of Night under the figure of a waveless sea, a rayless moon, and so forth, describe oblivion. The whole is gradually worked up until the shout "Woe!" is exchanged between the two choirs (the chorus is divided throughout) and the wild waters are musically depicted as dashing among the breakers, previous to the arrival, "streaming with loud laughter," of "Horrible Death." There is again a stupendous effort when Lucifer, "mounted on Death," is described in the distance by the double choirs, now reinforced by sixty boys, who, from the topmost point of the orchestra, shout the "Lucifer motif." Lucifer proclaims war against Heaven, and calls for aid upon the Powers of Water, Earth, and Fire, a beautiful chorus, descriptive of the abject state of Man, closing the first part. In the second part, which is entirely for the soloists, answered by the chorus, the means to be taken for Man's downfall are discussed. In the last part, Lucifer, checked in fight, again calls up Death, who responds in his grim "Ha! ha!" with almost comical effect. The Devil is defeated, choruses of Mortals sing of the blessings of life, and all eventually join in a massive Hymn of Praise to the Creator. There is a great deal of exceedingly fine music in this last portion of the work, in which the composer, while he seeks to be dramatic, is always interesting, though occasionally extravagant. But the whole oratorio is so strange to British ears that audiences will probably accept it with due caution. To choristers, its great difficulty will be its best recommendation. British choirs do not love music which is too easy.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The most interesting feature of the second Philharmonic Concert was the *début* of the Norwegian pianist, Madame Backer-Gründahl. This lady, who is in her forty-second year, is the wife of the Norwegian tenor, Backer, and her celebrity as a pianist has hitherto practically been confined to her native country. This is her first visit to England; and, although before expressing a final opinion of her capabilities it will be necessary to hear her in one of the great classical works, there is no doubt she is a pianist of enormous powers and of very high talent. That she is thoroughly in sympathy with Grieg's music was fully exemplified by the manner in which she performed the Scandinavian *finale* to his pianoforte concerto. In Professor Stanford's new violin suite, the old forms, such as the "Allemande," "Tambourin," and "Gigue," are clothed in essentially modern dress. The suite, however, is undeniably clever; and the enormous difficulties of the violin part were, of course, easily surmounted by Dr. Joachim, to whom the work is dedicated. Miss Trebelli sang; and Mr. Cowen, for the first time since his return, conducted the general programme, which included Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor.

**MRS. BERNARD BEERE.**—This distinguished actress made her *début* as a vocalist at Mr. De Lara's concert last week. The lady who has a very powerful, low mezzo-soprano voice, gave a highly-dramatic rendering of "The Minstrel Boy," and afterwards sang the "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington." That she is not a finished vocalist may be taken for granted, and her principal defect at present seems to be a strong tendency to faulty intonation—a defect which, of course, can be cured under proper guidance.

**MR. THEODOR STEINWAY.**—The death, at Brunswick, in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. Theodor Steinway, deprives the world of a very prolific inventor of pianoforte improvements. Mr. Theodor Steinway himself was the innocent cause of the very foundation of the eminent house, of which at the period of his decease he was senior partner. His father was a cabinet-maker, who in his spare hours manufactured a piano for his little son, Theodor. The piano was sold to a rich amateur, and several others followed to the same destination. Mr. Henry Steinway, sen., then found so great a demand for pianos that he gave up cabinet-making, and started a small factory at Seesen, and in 1849 he removed to New York, leaving Theodor behind in Germany. On the death of his father, Theodor joined the New York firm. The records of the Patent Offices in London and Washington show the extent and variety of this gentleman's inventions, and adaptations of former improvements, in pianoforte manufacture.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—Edvard Grieg made his last appearance at the Popular Concert on Saturday, and played six of his pretty, though not very pretentious, *Lyric Pieces*. The "Bird Song" and an allegretto entitled "Voyageur Solitaire" pleased the audience best. A remarkably fine performance was given of his sonata in C minor, Op. 45, in which he was associated with Lady Hallé. Madame Grieg also sang several of his songs.—On Monday the programme included Beethoven's popular pianoforte trio in E flat, and Bach's double concerto in D minor, repeated by desire, and once more played by Dr. Joachim and Lady Hallé. The *finale* was encored. Lady Hallé then made her last appearance in London this spring, and will shortly go to Italy with her husband for a holiday.—At the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, Dr. J. L. Ham played his "Hungarian" concerto and some pieces by Bach, and the orchestra, under Mr. Manns, gave a remarkably fine performance of Schumann's symphony in D minor and Beethoven's third *Leonore* overture.—Concerts have also been given by that artistic vocalist, Mr. Max Heinrich, by Herr Stavenhagen, who in his particular school bids fair to rival Rubinstein himself, and by many others.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The Jubilee of Rubinstein's *début* on July 23rd, 1839, will be publicly celebrated.—Mr. Hamish McCunn will write a new cantata for the Norwich Festival next year.—Dr. von Bülow made his *réentrée* as an orchestral conductor at New York last Wednesday, and will shortly begin an American tour with Beethoven recitals.—Mr. Carl Rosa is about to revive in the provinces Macfure's *She Stoops to Conquer*.—The production of Verdi's *Otello* at the Lyceum has now been fixed for July 5th.



**THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.**—The Court met again on Tuesday, when Sir Charles Russell began, continuing throughout Wednesday, a very elaborate speech in defence of his client, Mr. Parnell. It consisted largely of a carefully prepared history of the political and social condition of modern Ireland. Sir Charles's apparent object seems to have been to establish, in reply to the Attorney-General, that agrarian crime, and outrages of every kind, had been rife in Ireland during periods antecedent, sometimes long antecedent, to the formation of the Land League, and that this antecedent, to the formation of them had arisen spontaneously out of the iniquitous legislation of the British Parliament, and the evictions and oppressive tyranny of the Irish landlords. Sir Charles Russell

wound up on Wednesday by sketching, eulogistically, the characters and careers of the present Nationalist leaders, dwelling particularly on Mr. Parnell, and asked if it could be true—and this, he said, was the *Times* case—that these men went upon a public platform and banded themselves together as criminals to violate the law under the sham of a social movement.

**LORD COLERIDGE**, presiding at the Annual Dinner of the Birmingham Law Students' Society, spoke of the constantly recurring proposal that the same person should be allowed, as in the United States, to exercise the functions of Solicitor and Barrister; one which, it will be remembered, has been supported by Sir Edward Clarke. Observing that this system would, whether an improvement or not, be introduced into this country before very long, the Lord Chief Justice quoted the opinion of Mr. Benjamin, who, at first an American lawyer and afterwards an English Barrister, had had experience of both systems. It was to the effect that the English system was better fitted to produce men very eminent and highly cultivated, fit to play a great part in public affairs, but that the American system was, in ordinary times, better for the vast majority of clients.

**LORD CLIFTON** appears to be an active anti-vaccinationist, and to have been much annoyed by the appearance of a letter in a Gravesend paper, denouncing him and his friends as "members of a pestilential organisation whose only object was the destruction of infantile life by the spread of a loathsome disease." Being under the impression that the writer was Mr. Grimshaw, a public vaccinator at Gravesend, Lord Clifton sent him a post-card in which his supposed allegations in the newspaper were characterised as "a tissue of contemptible and cowardly lies, written in the pecuniary interest of a despotic and unscrupulous trades' union." Mr. Grimshaw then brought an action for libel against Lord Clifton, and in the witness-box denied the authorship of the newspaper-letter. Mr. Justice Grantham advised the jury, as the plaintiff had not suffered pecuniarily from the libel, to give damages just sufficient to show that the defendant ought not to have written such a post-card. They returned a verdict for the plaintiff with 60*l.* damages.

**MORPHIA** had a singular effect on a Mr. Walker who, while ill, and under its influence, ordered his daughter to fill in cheques for various amounts in favour of several persons. One of the persons thus favoured was a Mr. Clayton, whom Mr. Walker sent for as a friend, and who received one for 150*l.* A day or two afterwards, Walker rallied, and, having inspected the counterfoils in his cheque-books, asked that the cheques should be returned, which was done, and they were burned, Clayton's included. Walker has since died, and Clayton brought an action for 150*l.* against the widow to recover the amount of the cheque. According to his statement, he had given the cheque to the defendant, who threw it into the fire, remarking, that he would get plenty under the will. The defendant, on the other hand, asserted that it was perfectly understood at the time that the cheques were to be given up, and that they were filled only to humour the sick man. Mr. Justice Stephen gave judgment for the defendant with costs.

**A YOUNG LONDON SOLICITOR**, who began to practise with good prospects and a capital of 2,000*l.*, has been figuring in the Bankruptcy Court, where he admitted that he had lost between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* by betting, and that the whole of his debts, with the exception of 17*l.*, were in respect of these losses. Only one creditor, a turf commission-agent, opposed his application for an order of discharge. The Registrar, in giving judgment, said that cases like that before him were steadily increasing, and the reason was to be found in the introduction of the commission-agent. He would suspend for five years the order of discharge, remarking that while the Court was not a judicial laundry for the white-washing of bankrupts, neither was it a betting-agent's guarantee and protection society. He must decline to encourage commission-agents in dealing with these young men.



**REFERENCES** to the death and stainless character of Mr. Bright were almost universal in the pulpit oratory of last Sunday. On the previous afternoon a funeral service was held in Westminster Abbey, attended by a large congregation, which included a number of distinguished persons. The Dean delivered an appropriate address, in the course of which he referred to Mr. Bright's strong religious faith.

**THE PRIMATE** is not expected to deliver, until after Easter, judgment in the preliminary question of jurisdiction raised by the Bishop of Lincoln.

**THE DEAN OF WINDSOR**, in a letter to the *Times*, suggested by the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, complains that while the so-called Ritualists protest against the constitution of the present tribunals with jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical, they refuse to propose any substitutes for them which have any chance of being accepted by Parliament. If this refusal is persisted in, and if at the same time the judgments of existing Courts are set at naught, Dean Davidson considers Disestablishment to be inevitable, since it cannot be imagined, he says, that "we shall be permitted to go on much longer as we are, each clergyman, who desires to do so, insisting on his right to interpret the Rubrics entirely as he pleases." In the course of his letter the Dean points out that when such High Churchmen as Lord Halifax, Canon Liddon, Dr. Little, Mr. Mackonochie, and Sir Walter Phillimore were examined before the late Archbishop Tait's Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical tribunals, although "unanimous in their dislike of the existing Courts, they were literally at sixes and sevens when a constructive policy was asked for."

**THE BISHOP OF DURHAM** has now so far recovered as to be able to write again, whereas, some weeks ago it was with difficulty that he could trace his signature.

**THE BISHOP OF LONDON**, preaching on temperance in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday evening, recommended those who found that others could remain temperate only through total abstinence to practise it themselves in order to give their weaker brethren the strength of their sympathy.

**A RUMOUR** reaches us, the *Record* says, that the Ven. Archdeacon Gifford is about to resign the Archdeaconry of London. The same journal understands that the Primate has appointed to the vacant Bishopric of Travancore and Cochín China the Rev. Edward N. Hodges, Principal of Trinity College, Kandy.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The next annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance is to be held at Cheltenham in the autumn. Of the fund of 10,000*l.* asked for by the Church Association, 6,000*l.* has been raised.—12,000*l.* was expected for the Mackonochie Memorial Fund; 5,300*l.* has been subscribed.—The Hibbert Lectures for 1889 by Professor Upton, on "The Philosophic Basis of Belief," will not be delivered orally this year, but will be published in a volume during the autumn.—Mr. Percy G. Crosse, son of the Archdeacon of Furness, has been appointed Secretary of the Church House.



**THE UNIVERSITIES** claim the first place this week, although there have been important events in every department of sport since we last wrote. There was a large attendance at the Queen's Club on Friday, last week, when the Sports were decided. Most of the events followed our anticipations, but in the Hammer, Oxford scored an unexpected victory, while the falling of Thomas, the Dark Blue "crack," in the Quarter, spoilt what would have been a very interesting race. As it was, the prettiest contest of the day was the Hurdles, in which the three first men could have been covered by the proverbial handkerchief. The Three Miles was the most runaway affair, for, for the third year in succession, no Cambridge man was placed. Evil rumours had been abroad about Cross, but he effectually denied them by coming out and winning the Mile (for the fourth year running) in the unprecedented time of 4 min. 23.5ths secs. This was the finest performance during the Sports, which eventually fell to Cambridge by five events to three.

Good luck again attended the Light Blues next day in the Boat Race, for Muttelbury won the toss, and, of course, chose the Surrey station. A good race was witnessed for half the distance, though the boring tactics of the Cambridge coxswain caused some danger of a foul at one period; but thenceforward the race resolved itself into a procession, and, in spite of plucky efforts on the part of Oxford, their rivals were once more successful by about three lengths.

The Racquet Matches, as usual, fell to the Light Blues, and at present Oxford have to content themselves with a victory in Chess.

**THE TURF.**—The Liverpool Meeting opened on Thursday last week in bad weather, and the sport at Aintree was not particularly interesting. Aintree, by the way, justified his name by securing the Prince of Wales's Plate for Mr. Hammond, Lamprey won the Molyneux Stakes, and Wild Notes the Hurdle Handicap. On the Grand National Day the weather greatly improved. There were twenty runners for the big event, and of these Roquefort, at 6 to 1, was in greatest demand, while Frigate was tremendously backed for a place. The latter was making her sixth appearance in the race, in which hitherto she had experienced very hard luck, having been second no less than three times. This time, however, it was all right, and when the number went up great was the cheering, and many were the congratulations showered upon her owner, Mr. M. A. Maher, and her rider, Mr. T. Beasley, who thus scored his third Grand National. Why Not was second, and M.P. third, while the next two were Bellona and Magic. Barrette won the Sefton Park Plate for Mr. Maple, and Juggler the Hylton Handicap for Mr. Abington. Roquefort made some slight amends for his defeat by winning the Champion Steeplechase next day, and Acme got back a little of the money lost on him at Lincoln by taking the Spring Cup. Mr. Abington won no fewer than seven races during the week, which looks as if 1889 were going to treat him better than 1888. Besides this, he rode six winners himself.—At Northampton on Tuesday Poem took Earl Spencer's Plate for Lord Dudley, who also has begun the season well; while Wayland took the Althorp Park Stakes. Next day the Ascott Plate fell to Ulva, and the Great Northamptonshire Stakes to Claymore.

Chitabab was scratched on Monday for all his Leicester engagements. Consequently odds of 6 to 4 were laid on Donovan for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, to be run to-day (Saturday). The Turf libel actions of "Wood v. Cox" and "Wood v. Durham" have been compromised, each party paying his own costs.

**FOOTBALL.**—Nearly thirty thousand people assembled at the Oval on Saturday to witness the final tie for the Association Cup. Excellent arrangements had been made for their reception, however, and their behaviour was most orderly. The play was considerably above the level of that usually seen in final ties. The defence of the Wolverhampton Wanderers was exceedingly strong, but their forwards lacked combination, and their goal-keeper was not first-class. The Preston North End team, on the other hand, were brilliant at every point, and their victory of three goals to none was exceedingly well-earned. On Monday the victorious team journeyed to Brighton, and easily defeated Sussex.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Smith and Mitchell were to have boxed ten rounds on Monday night, but the former injured his foot in practice, and could not appear.—Roberts concluded his brief season on Saturday with another brilliant victory, beating North, to whom he conceded 10,000 in 20,000, by 524 points. This week the loser is playing Peall at the Aquarium.



"**LIVELY SPRING, WHICH MAKES ALL NEW,**" as the old rhyme has it, seemed to have come to town expressly to visit the Oxford and Cambridge sports on the afternoon of March 29th. Those who left home that morning with great coats and comforters found them intolerable on their homeward journey, and the rise in temperature in the course of the day must, in many places, have been quite fifteen degrees. The hedges are beginning to show a decided tinge of green, and most of the shrubs in the London parks are coming into bud, as are the plum trees in the country. That the cuckoo and nightingale have not yet been heard may be due, not so much to the failure of rural imaginations, as to the absorption of the naturalists' organs and "columns" on the subjects of the sand-grouse and of a peculiar sort of owl. The "exact" arrival of the cuckoo is always an amusing fallacy, the more so as every county seems to have its own belief. In Northumberland the 21st of April is the day, in Worcestershire, the 20th, and in Derbyshire the 14th. The earliest dates at which we have ever heard the cuckoo ourselves have been April 2nd near Canterbury in 1886, and in 1879 on the 11th of the month, but the usual dates have been the 21st, 22nd, and 24th of April, and this too in such dissimilar years as 1876, 1877, and 1878. Common belief points to the practically simultaneous appearance of the cuckoo and nightingale, but our own observations lead us to fancy that the cuckoo precedes the nocturnal songster in three cases out of four. Our "earliest" swallow, however, was the same day as the first cuckoo, viz.: April 2nd. A Northumbrian journal makes the curious remark that it is lucky to hear the cuckoo "in Kent." Such money as you have when you first hear the cuckoo you will never be without until another season brings a new ordeal, but similarly, if you are without money when you hear the bird, you will remain without.

**THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.**—All that gold plate and innumerable wax candles could do to render the Royal banquet of March 26th brilliant was done, and the Prince of Wales delivered the longest speech he has ever been known to make. The guests consisted of a number of noblemen and great landowners associated with agriculture, while the Lord President





HON. GUY CUTHBERT DAWNAY  
Killed by a Buffalo, on February 28, 1883, while hunting at Ngri, Masailand, Western Africa



THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS  
Born 1823. Died March 26, 1887



MR. MARK H. BEAUFOY  
New Gladstonian M.P. for Kennington

MR. MARK BEAUFOY, M.P.

THE vacancy caused in the Kennington division of the Borough of Lambeth by the retirement of Mr. Gent-Davis was filled on the 15th ult. by the election of Mr. Mark Beaufoy (Gladstonian), who polled 630 votes more than his Conservative opponent, Mr. Philip Beresford-Hope. Mr. Mark Hanbury Beaufoy, of Coombe House, near Shaftesbury, and of South Lambeth Road, where in 1854 he was born, and has ever since lived, is the only son of the late Mr. George Beaufoy, R.N., a large distiller and vinegar-maker of South Lambeth Road, where his son still carries on the business. Mr. Beaufoy was educated at Eton and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, is a J.P. for Wilts and Surrey, an Alderman of the New London Council, and Governor of St. Thomas's Hospital. In 1884 he married Mildred, daughter of Mr. Robert Tait, of Queen Anne Street,

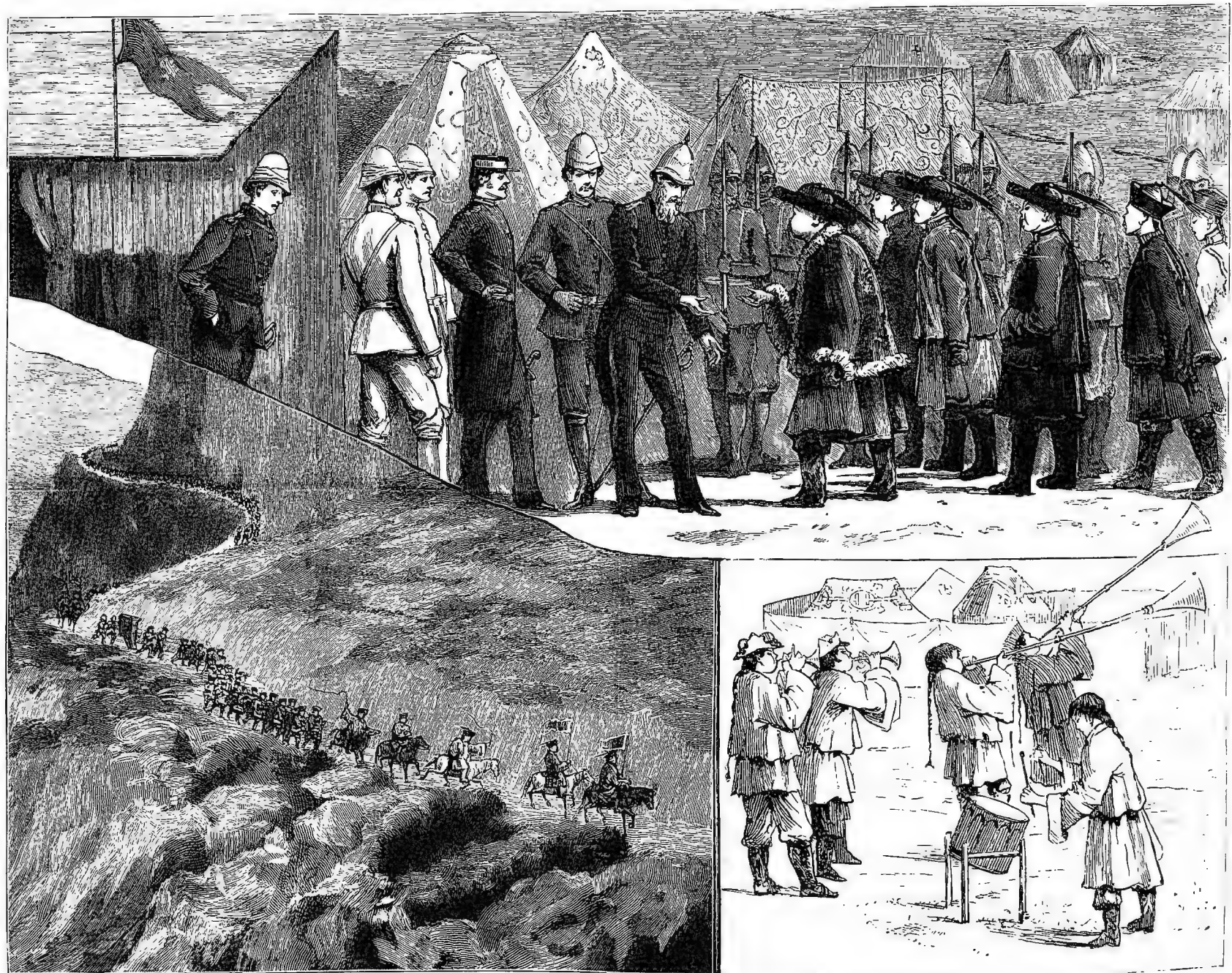
Cavendish Square.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Window and Grove, 63A, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO died on March 26th, after an illness of a week's duration, was the only son of the second Duke by Mary, daughter of the first Earl of Breadalbane, and was born September 10th, 1823. His father was a conspicuous member of the Tory party, a champion of the landed interest, and a strenuous opponent of the Reform Bill of 1832. He separated from Sir Robert Peel on the Corn Law Question. He entertained the Queen with great magnificence at Stowe, and this laid the foundation of his subsequent pecuniary embarrassments. The subject of this memoir was educated at Eton and Oxford, of which University he was afterwards made a D.C.L.

He was M.P. for Buckingham from 1846 to 1857, was a Junior Lord of the Treasury under the late Lord Derby in 1852, and was Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway (in which position he showed first-class business qualities) between 1853 and 1861, in which latter year his father died. When the Tories were in office between 1866 and 1868, he was successively Lord President of the Council and Colonial Secretary. Between 1875 and 1880 he was Governor of Madras. During his term of office he grappled energetically with the terrible famine of 1876-7. On the death of Lord Redesdale, in 1886, the Duke was chosen Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, the duties of which post he fulfilled with general satisfaction up to the time of his fatal illness. The Duke was twice married, but as he leaves no children the Dukedom becomes extinct. The Earldom of Temple passes to his nephew, Mr. William Stephen Gore-Langton.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Walery, 164, Regent Street, W.

THE RECEPTION OF THE AMBAH BY MR. PAUL, MR. ELIAS, AND MILITARY OFFICERS

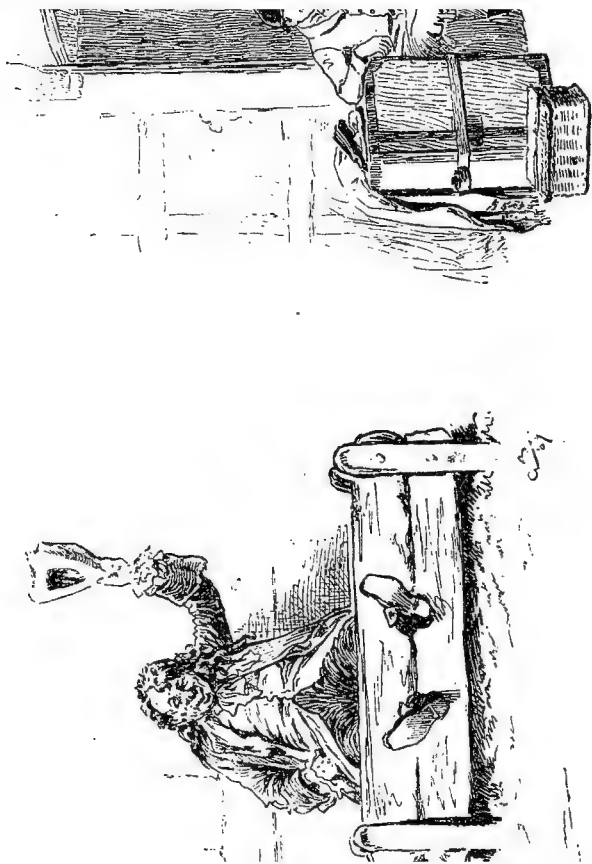


THE ARRIVAL OF THE AMBAH AND SUITE

THE AMBAH'S BAND

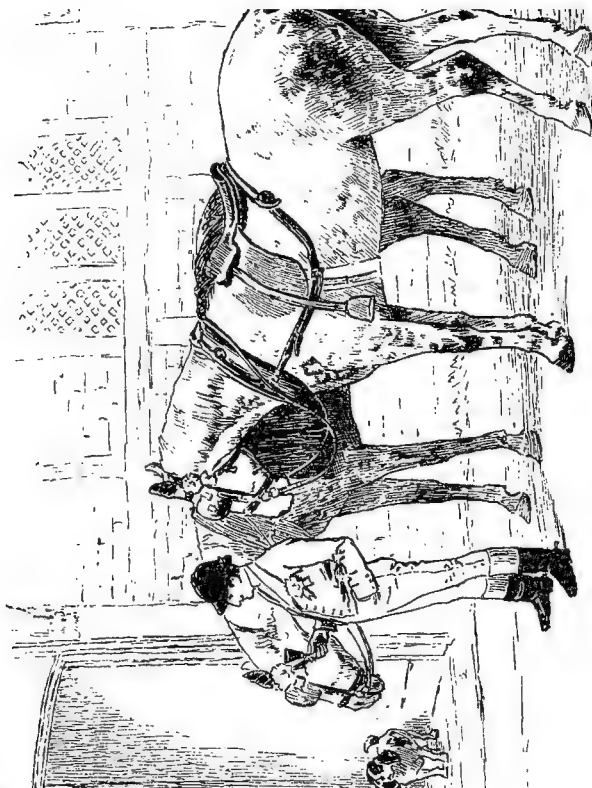
THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN SIKKIM, NORTHERN INDIA  
VISIT OF THE CHINESE AMBAH TO GNATONG—GREAT BRITAIN AND CHINA MEET ON DEBATABLE GROUND





"MORNING"—JOSEPH NASH, R.I.

EDON BROWNE

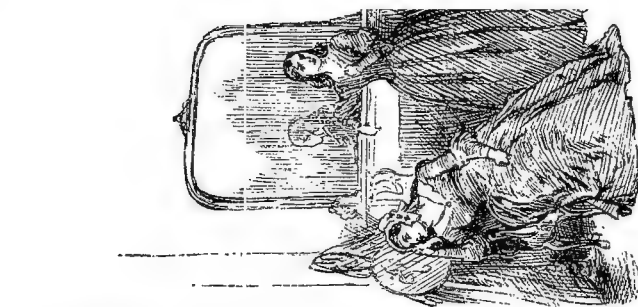


"CUTTING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE"—GORDON BROWNE

"THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE"—J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.



"MR. MANTALINI AND THE BROKERS"—CHARLES GREEN, R.I.



"THE HEALTH OF THE

"MR. MAN"

FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF

IN WATER-COLOURS

HE BROKERS—"WHAT'S THE DEN'D TOTAL?"—CHARLES GREEN, R.I.



and the Vice-President of the Privy Council, the Committee of Council on Agriculture, and the Mayors of London and Windsor were also present. The Duke of Richmond's name was coupled with that of the Society, and his Grace in replying spoke briefly and modestly of his father's services when the Society was founded, and of his own attempts to follow in his father's footsteps. The Society is trying to raise 12,000l. for prizes at the Jubilee Show, but we should have thought that the gate-money might largely have been relied upon. However, 6,000l. has already been raised, and the whole amount may well be accomplished between this and Midsummer Day.

AGRICULTURAL OPINION does not seem to have been conciliated by the very exclusive gathering of the 26th, and it is with some surprise that we find the leading agricultural weekly commenting very pungently upon the Prince's speech. After giving us a taste of sarcasm in a remark about glorifying officials at the expense of farmers, the *Field* goes on, in a tart but powerful leader, to say, "It is quite true that British farm stock is absolutely unequalled; but it was so before the Society was called into existence. It is quite true that, as growers of the crops to which attention has been chiefly devoted, English occupiers have no superiors either in the quantity or the quality of their produce, but so they were prior to 1838; and it is very doubtful if the best average record of the best farmed districts is higher for the twenty years which preceded 1888 than for the twenty years which preceded 1838."

IT IS QUITE CERTAIN, too, that never were there so many occupiers—skilful industrious occupiers—of land hopelessly ruined in any fifty years of the national history as have been ruined in the period since the Society commenced operations. Nor is our contemporary already quoted the only one of the agricultural papers which has the courage to say that "in penance and not in profusion should the Society be celebrating its Jubilee." The aims of the Society have always been excellent, and its officers able men, but the same evil of self-election which has robbed the Royal Academy of much of its artistic pre-eminence and leadership has prevented the farmers of England as a body feeling that the Royal Agricultural Society of England in any way represented them, or spoke in their name. A simple reform in this respect would be worth more than even a Show or a banquet.

THE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF AGRICULTURE have not been engaged in banqueting, but they have been doing perhaps almost equally valuable service in investigating the recent outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease among sheep shipped from the ports of Hamburg and Bremen to Hull, Hartlepool, Grimsby, and Deptford. The report which is before us states that the meeting concluded by passing "a resolution, asking the Government to prohibit the introduction of animals from the Netherlands," in which country the meeting apparently believed the ports of Bremen and Hamburg to be situated. We certainly hope, however, that the Privy Council will meet the difficulty in the only way which is really useful, and that is by prohibiting the importation of live-stock, except for breeding purposes. This is protection, but not in the political sense of the word. It is protecting our farmers against those negligent acts of foreign countries in not stamping out disease within their own frontiers which we have no power to interfere with on the spot, and can only, therefore, meet by prohibiting imports of live animals therefrom.

THE SUSSEX FARMERS' ASSOCIATION have just published their annual report, in which they recommend in improving old pasture to lightly plough up the pasture, and at once re-sow it without taking a grain crop. Reasons for this recommendation are given fully in the report, which also contains very clearly drawn out diagrams showing the effects of the various systems tried. Elaborate experiments with manures are reported, the mixture finally recommended for swedes being  $\frac{3}{4}$  cwt. of nitrate of potash,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. nitrate of soda, 3 cwt. steamed bone flour, and 2 cwt. ground coprolites, along with fourteen tons of farmyard manure, per acre. This is a pretty stiff dose, but a big crop would doubtless result in any fair season. The steam-bone flour should contain 12 per cent. of phosphorus, and the coprolites 11 per cent. Nitrate of soda should contain not less than 15 per cent. nitrogen, and nitrate of potash not less than 13 per cent.

WOOL is so integral a portion of the sheep farmer's calculation of profit and loss, that it is good news to hear that a cheerful tone prevails in this market, and that the sales are larger than they were a month ago. The supplies offered are not sufficient to overstock the market, and there is no attempt to force sales. Fine soft fleeces sell well, and skin wools are cleared off very readily. Southdown fleece makes up to 15. per lb., and Kentish fleeces from Romney Marsh make 10d. These are not prices out of which fortunes are made, but with mutton at its present price they represent a net profit on sheep farming, wherever the flocks are healthy, the fall of lambs an average, and the rent of land fair. As happily the flocks are in exceptional good health this season, and the fall of lambs above an average, we may assume that the sheep farmer on the whole is doing fairly well.

SEEDS.—With April comes the seed time of the year *par excellence*, albeit the farmer is happy who has not allowed March to go by without drilling in a considerable proportion of his barley, if not of other spring sowings. The price of seeds just now runs higher than it did at this time last year. Thus the best English yearly clover makes up to 80s. per cwt., for red and white sorts

alike, while the best alsyke goes up to 110l. per cwt., last April's top quotation for the latter being about 70s. per cwt. Tares, too, are dear, spring making 44s. to 80s., and winter 48s. to 56s. per qr. Last year both sorts had a range of from 40s. to 50s. per qr. On the other hand, canary seed at 42s. to 47s. per qr. is a trifle cheaper than it was a year ago. Perennial rye-grass is worth about 11s. per cwt. up to 14s. per cwt. for special, and lucerne is at 68s. to 80s. per cwt.

"THINGS DONE BETTER IN FRANCE," than in England are not confined to making coffee. This summer there is to be an International Agricultural Congress, with a Secretary-General, Rue de Buffon No. 63, Paris. The meetings will be from 4th to 11th of July, to read and discuss papers, examine drawings, plans, samples, appliances, &c., relative to agricultural depression, its causes and remedies, sugar production and manufacture; industries diverse: such as cider and perry making; distillation: wine making, growth and uses of textile plants, growth and manufacture of tobacco, growth and uses of oilseeds &c., and specially the state of dairy matters, milk butter, and cheese-making, in various countries. Reports, papers, essays, &c., are invited to be forwarded to above address, on or before 1st May. Intending readers or writers of papers should apply at once for regulations and programmes of the proceedings.

SHORTHORNS.—If high breeding and good personal merit go hand in hand, well and good. If not, a choice must be made. "Give me," says a well-known writer in the *Mark Lane Express*, "the animal with the expansive chest, the robust barrel, the deep square lengthy quarters, the nicely-sloped shoulders, the short firm legs, the typical head, the fine muzzle, the expressive eye, the mossy coat. The colour of his hair is immaterial. We grudge not the foreigner the red jackets, though we do what lies within them. There is nothing prettier than a rich roan, and in all our wanderings, continents wide, we have found roan coats as a rule inhabited by the finest frames and forms of refined bovine character."



THERE are two sensible and well-informed articles dealing with "The Political Situation in France" in the *Contemporary*, "1789-1889," by M. G. Monod, and "The Immediate Future," by Mr. P. G. Hamerton. M. Monod holds that the temperament of the French nation—a temperament at once military and democratic—a levelling, but not a liberal spirit, is a Cæsarian temperament, and that the French administrative organisation, centralised to excess, is also favourable to a Cæsarian government. Thus in his opinion "France is destined sooner or later to a Dictatorship of some sort, whether General Boulanger's or anybody else's." Mr. Hamerton states the great cause of dissatisfaction in France to be the want of change. Men may be changed, new men may be put in office, but the Ministry, by whatever name it may be called, is always Conservative-Republican in reality. The misfortune of this is that to get change of any desired kind it is necessary to alter the form of Government. Hence chronic danger of Civil War, from which the only thing to save France is the high military principle of the Army.—Professor E. A. Freeman's "Christianity—the Geocentric system" is well worth reading.—A most vigorously worded Philippic is "The Ethics of the Turf," by Mr. James Runciman. He gives one curious instance of the degradation in manners brought about by the Betting Ring. "There is one peer of this realm," he says, "a hereditary legislator and a patron of many Church livings, who is famous for his skill in the use of certain kinds of vocables. This man is a living exemplar of the mysterious effect which low dodging and low distractions have on the soul. In five minutes he can make you feel as if you had tumbled into one of Swedenborg's loathsome hells. He can make the most eloquent of Turf thieves envious, and he can make you awe-stricken as you see how far and long God bears with men."

There is a suggestive and interesting article in the *National Review* on "The Brain Power of Plants," by Mr. A. Smith. "Vital activity," observes this writer, "is the rule, and inertness the exception in plant life," and this fact serves "to impress upon us the error of that form of argument which would assume the non-existence of the higher traits of life in plants, simply because the motive power is invisible."—Mr. Alfred Austin's "Look Seaward, Sentinel" is the feature of this number of the *National Review*. The sentinel looks landwards and seawards, and tells what he sees. The interspersed choruses are more full of fire and swing than we might anticipate from Mr. Austin's gentle muse. We will quote a few typical lines from the "Chorus of Armed Nations":—

Lo! in their fancied fortress girt with waters  
That neither fall nor fail,  
They hear of rapine and they read of slaughters,  
As of some touching tale.  
No more they care to subjugate the billow,  
Or dominate the blast;  
Supine they lie on the luxurious pillow  
Of their resplendent Past.

Macmillan contains a capital biographical and literary criticism of "Leigh Hunt," by Mr. George Saintsbury.—"An Englishman in

Berlin" gives a deplorable picture of the capital of Germany as rough-riden by a brutal commercialism and militarism. "Germany," it is said here, "as a whole, has been, until the last two decades, a peaceable, non-aggressive Power, precisely because there has been no switch-room to connect the system of German States; and the militant spirit of Prussia has not been able to permeate the quieter constitutions of Bavaria and Saxony. That is now changed, Berlin supplies the switch-room; and to the activity of its working the lively state of affairs on the East African coast, at Samoa, and the private relations of Count Herbert Bismarck and Sir Robert Morier, afford startling testimony."—"The Great Dog Superstition" is clever and amusing; but unfair and libellous as regards one of man's best friends.

Any one who wishes to understand exactly what is the nature of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's diplomatic success at Teheran will find the matter very fully and lucidly set forth in *Blackwood*, where Colonel Mark Sever Bell, V.C., A.D.C., Royal Engineers, writes "A Visit to the Kárun River and Kúm," a paper elucidated by a clearly marked prefatory map of "Routes in South-West Persia."—Sir Theodore Martin also contributes to the magazine one of his admirable translations from the German: "The Hostage," by Friedrich Schiller.

In *Good Words*, the serials in progress are "A Snow Idyll" by Mr. William Black, "A Hardy Norseman" by Miss Edna Lyall, and "The Haute Noblesse" by Mr. G. Manville Fenn.—Mr. Andrew Lang gives us his opinions of "Charlotte Brontë." In his opinion she had few strings to her bow as a novelist. "She had not, apparently," he observes, "the delight in invention, in character, in life, which inspires a writer like Scott, and she never would have been a manufacturer of fiction. She only said what she had to say, and her vitality was so depressed by sorrow and threatening circumstances, that she could not wander into fresh and happier fields of thought and experience."

Among the attractions of the *Sunday Magazine* is Archleacon Farrar's series, "Great Men of the Centuries," treating this month of "Constantine."—A sad interest belongs to the concluding paper of the late Rev. J. G. Wood's "Ants at Home and Abroad."

The *English Illustrated* opens with a poem in which Mr. A. C. Swinburne sings in Anglo-Scotch the woes of "A Jacobite's Exile, 1746," from which we take the closing stanza:—

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,  
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,  
And the lovely strand of Northumberland,  
And the goodly towers thereby:  
And none shall know but the winds that blow  
The graves wherein we lie.

If the stories in the coming annual by Mr. Forbes, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Henty are all as good as Mr. Forbes' humorous and pathetic "How 'The Crayture' Got on the Strength," then a treat is in store for the lovers of warlike fiction.—Noticeable, also, are "On Two Shores" by Mr. William Sime, and "A Suburban Garden" by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

Owls are pleasantly treated of under the heading, "Birds of Prey" in *Cornhill*. "Perhaps," says the writer, "it is because owls are birds of night that their good qualities are not appreciated. They are active and most intelligent beings. In the strictly nocturnal ones there is much difference in their bearing by night and by day. The bird that is seen drawing his wing over his body like a shield—a mere dazed lump of feathers when the sun is shining—leaves his hiding-place, and steps forth as bold and brave as an eagle in the light of the moon."—There is a characteristic short story in this periodical, "Motte-Mullein," by the author of "Mehalah."

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains the poem written by Dr. O. W. Holmes, in honour of the dinner given to Mr. James Russell Lowell on his seventieth birthday. There is much felicity of expression, and the occasion of its composition gives it an added interest.—Miss Preston's paper on old Roman history this month is headed "Before the Assassination," and treats, in attractive fashion, of Cicero's closing years.

The inauguration at Washington suggests the theme for several papers in the *Century*, one of the best of which is Mr. Charles Henry Hart's "Original Portraits," illustrated with engravings of portraits by Gilbert Stuart and John Trumbull. Mr. George Kennan has a useful, well-informed article on "The Russian Police." Mr. Kennan sums up his view as follows:—"An observer who regards the Russian situation from an American point of view can hardly help thinking that the Tsar, who is a well-meaning man, would have a happier time, and a more useful life, if he would abandon his policy of repression, call for the resignation of his despotic Minister of the Interior, Count Dmitri Tolstoi, discharge five-sixths of his police and gendarmes, and admit his people to a share of the Government of the State."

The most noticeable thing in *Murray* is the charming picture of "Khamé" in his Shoshony home, by Mrs. Knight Bruce, of Bloemfontein. This great chief of the Bamangwats has won golden opinions from all who have met him, and, to judge from the account here given, is as worthy of enthusiastic admiration for noble conduct under difficulties as was our own great Alfred for example.

The scandalous facts mentioned in an article, "Great Britain's Horse Supply," contributed to the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* by Mr. W. A. Kerr, V.C., late Southern Mahratta Horse, are worthy of serious attention by that portion of the British public which is not heedless of the matter of our military efficiency.

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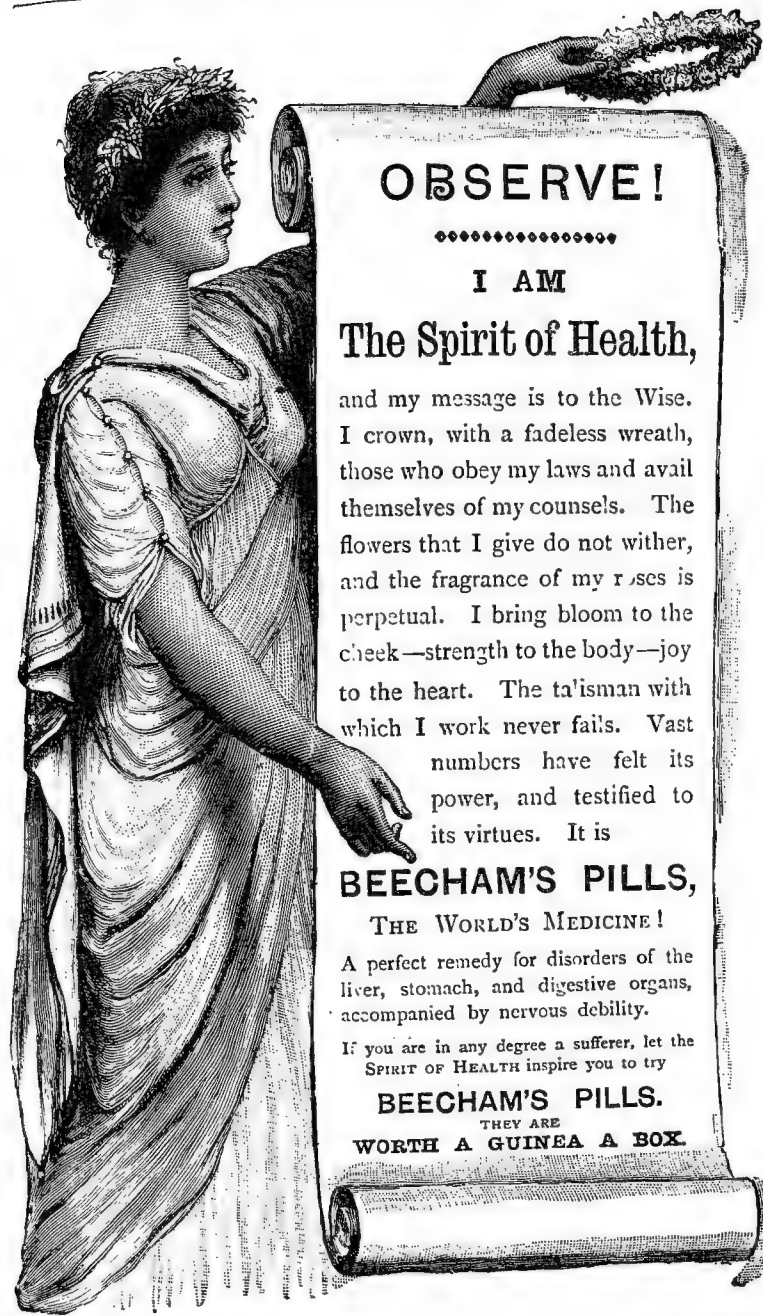
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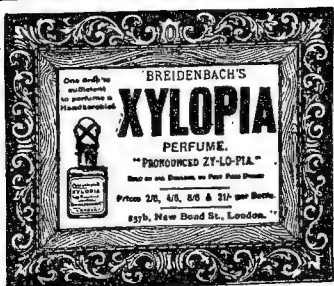
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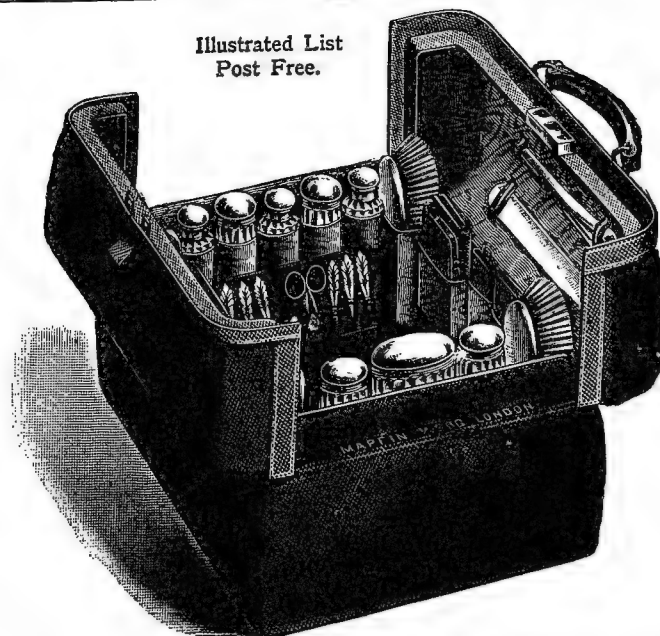


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# THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., &C., AUTHOR OF "THE KILIMA-NJARO EXPEDITION," &C.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

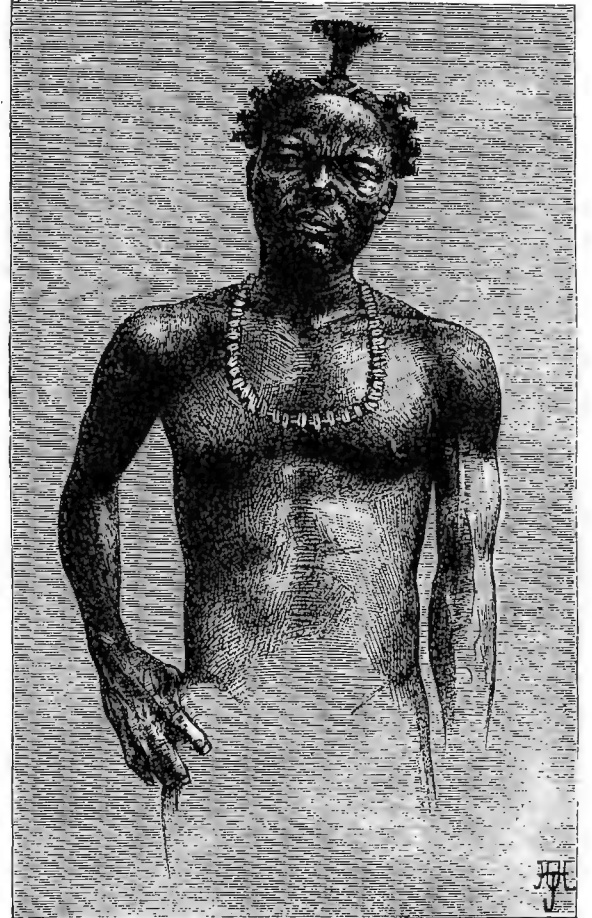
WHEN I had returned from the Ndobe I was not allowed to live any longer in my father's compound, for it was not considered seemly for a young unmarried man to live among his father's wives. I had to take up my abode with the other young men of the town who were bachelors. We had a big compound to ourselves, but we were obliged to hunt and fish, and make plantations to supply ourselves with food.

And it was about this time that the Ngaŋga instructed me as to the "Epfumo" Society, to which nearly all the young free men of the village belonged, and it was there that I learnt that the "Epfumo" was really a man dressed up, and not a devil; only we were sworn a solemn oath not to reveal this secret so that the women and children and slaves might still be kept in awe of the "Epfumo," whom they thought to be a strong devil that would be able to find out all secrets. And several times—I knew no better than the other pagans, and did as they did—have I dressed up as "Epfumo" with other young men of the Society, and lain in wait to catch women who were out of their houses after the "Epfumo" gong had sounded; and these we carried away if we pleased, and

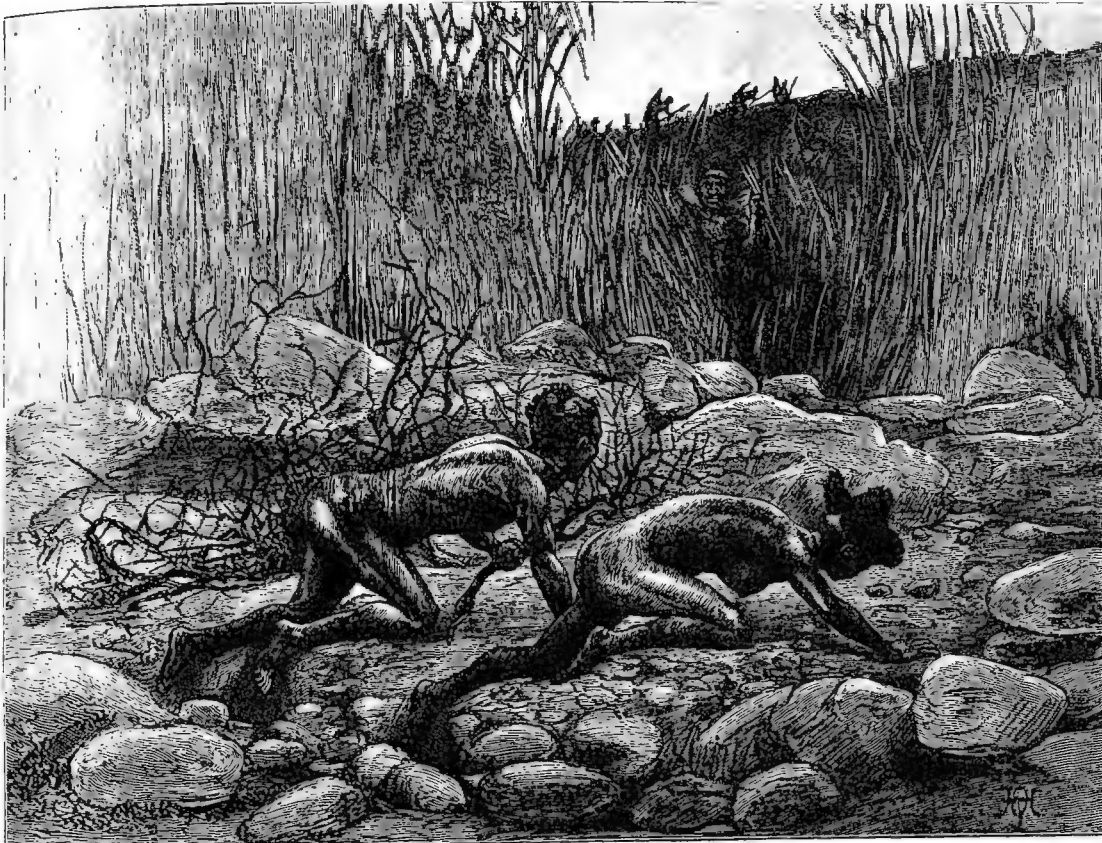
we built a house and made a yard for me to live in, for I was now a married man, and dressed my hair in the fashion of those who were married men.

The second time we went to war with the Bakuba was, as I have said, to capture women to sell to the Fulbe. For when my wife had grown to know me and like me, she told me one day that about the night when it should be full-moon it was the custom of the men among her people to leave the town and surround the plantations, where the elephants came to rob them, and that they had fashioned two great hedges of sticks and thorns which narrowed to a small lane, at the end of which was a big, big pit, and that when they had surrounded the plantations that the elephants were rifling they began with great shouting and the flames of their torches to drive the elephants into the space between the two hedges that converged in the pit, and that as the elephants, scared by the torches and the shouting, pressed onwards between

the narrow hedges, some of them were pushed into the pit and were at the men's mercy; for the elephant in some things is a foolish beast, and has not the wit to turn aside and tear through the fence of thorns, but presses on towards the outlet where the pit awaits him. And when I told all this to Ngwi he considered awhile, and said: "I have a good plan in my head; let us select all the strong and valiant among the men of this town two days before the moon is full, and let us journey secretly through the bush until we are close to the Bakuba



"I dressed my hair in the fashion of those who were married men"



"I espied a Bakuba man and woman who had been out cutting grass for their goats. . . . They sought to escape our notice by crawling on their stomachs through the grass like snakes"

no one—not even their husbands—could say us nay: and, indeed, some of us hid women that we captured for a long time in a secret place we had made in the woods, and to them we always threatened that they would be surely killed by "Epfumo" if they should at any time reveal the names of those who had carried them off; and when we were tired of the women's society we would let them return to their homes, and knowing that they had been captured by the "Epfumo," no one asked them questions, or rebuked them for their absence.

And once we caught a slave on the road, who had not hidden himself at the sounding of the drum, and him we killed and ate—Wallah! we were but as the brutes—in the "Epfumo" house that same night, and the old Ngaŋga-man praised us for our dexterity.

Twice, whilst I was living with the other young men of the town, we were called upon to go to war with the Bakuba people of the mountain a few days' distant from us. The first time we fought them because they had carried off a woman belonging to our town and killed her husband, having surprised them on the way to trade with the Fulbe; and the second time Ngwi said we must attack the mountain people by stealth, and try to capture some of the women to sell as slaves to the Fulbe.

The first time I had to go to war, I feared greatly, although the people called me "Big Head," because they thought me strong and courageous, but I was new to war, and feared to be killed and eaten by the mountain people; so that I did not adventure myself in the front of the party that attacked the Bakuba; but whilst I was skulking in the rear I espied a Bakuba man and woman who had been out cutting grass for their goats, and whom our attack had cut off from the town. They sought to escape our notice by crawling on their stomachs through the grass like snakes, and winding behind every rock and stump till they should arrive close to the Bakuba stronghold; but seeing they were unarmed, save for the small cutlass which the man had, I attacked them suddenly as they were lying on the ground, drove my spear right through the man's body and pinned him to the ground, and knocked the woman down with my club. Then my heart grew big, and I shouted loudly to my comrades to tell them what I had done, and some of them came running up and cut off the head of the man through whom I had run my spear, and helped me to tie the arms and ankles of the woman before she awoke. The rest of our party did not do much against Bakuba, because they found the town well defended, and few of its fighting men were absent, so after they had shouted much, and shot many arrows, and called the Bakuba every foul name they could think of to draw them from their stockade, Ngwi and my companions decided to retreat. So we returned to our town with the body of the man I had killed, and the woman I had captured, and my mother shrieked loudly with joy when they told her what a brave man her son had become. The body of the man we warriors ate in the "Epfumo" house, and good and sweet was the flesh—*Halal!* it is shameful that I say such things now, but *Alham-du'llillah!* I am no longer a pagan and an eater of man's flesh—and the woman I had captured I took to wife, and made work in my plantations. My mother said to me, "Treat her well, and she will remain with thee, but if thou hast the heart to use her badly, it were better to sell her to the Batibari\* than to let her remain in our town, for if she is unhappy she will surely find a way to escape back to her country;" so I said to the woman, "Wilt thou swear by 'Epfumo' to stay with me, and be a true wife to me?" and she replied, "My heart is sad for having left my country, but thou art the strongest. Thou killedst my man—what other man have I now to love beside thee? I will swear by 'Epfumo' not to leave thee, if thou treat me kindly." We sent for the Ngaŋga, and he brought the "ju-ju" mixture, which is made of man's flesh and drugs from the woods, and he put some of this on the tongue of my woman, and she, putting one hand on her head and the other hand in mine, swore that she would remain with me and become one of our people. After this I got my friends to help me, and

\* Our name for the Fulbe.

town, on the mountain. Then we will lie concealed in the woods among the stones, and await the time when we shall see the men of the town issuing forth with their torches to hunt the elephants. And when they are away in the plantations we will take the town by surprise, and capture as many of the women as we can secure quickly, and having done this we will return to our town with what speed we can."

This we did, and brought back with us it might be thirty, it might be forty women and a few young children. We had captured many more, but the Bakuba men pursued us, and harried us on our return and recovered some of their people, although in their fighting they themselves lost nine or ten men whose bodies we ate on our return. And of our town four men only were killed in battle, for Ngwi was cunning, and knew how to skilfully direct the fighting. And as the bodies of these four



"As the elephants, scared by the torches and the shouting, pressed onwards between the narrow hedges, some of them were pushed into the pit and were at the men's mercy"







not understand what they were saying, because they spoke in their own language, which I did not then know, but it appeared as I afterwards learnt that some of our people, who at the first alarm had escaped into the bush, had set on two of the Fulbe whom they had found separated from their companions, and looting some plantations, and had killed them, and this aroused the wrath of the other Fulbe to such an extent, that we feared they would kill us all. They captured most of the runaway party who had been concerned in the death of their brothers, and brought them into the open place where we were lying chained. Not a few of these runaways were poor women and little children, who could not have had anything to do with the death of the two Fulbe soldiers; but, nevertheless, on them as well as on their husbands and brothers, the Mohammedans wreaked their anger.

They tied the men to stakes and tree trunks, and lopped their limbs off, one by one, and then beheaded them: they ripped up the women, and lifting up the children by the feet they swung them round and dashed out their brains on the stone seats in the open square, where our elders used to sit under the shade of the big trees. Then their leader spoke to us in the language of Mbum, which most of us understood (for it was the language of trade), and told us that if any of us attempted to stir hand or foot from where we were laid, the same punishment should be meted out to us. Whilst these things were being done a small body of the Fulbe were busy burning the town, and cutting down the plantations of bananas, and setting fire to the dry bush outside the town, so that the whole place might be laid bare and afford no hiding-place to such of our people as might have escaped, and think of lurking near the Ful camp.

All through that day, some in the sun and some in the shade, we lay chained together in the open square of our town. One or two of the women who were far gone with child died from the fright and the anguish of their premature delivery, and so we lay all through the night, while the Fulbe made big bonfires, and roasted our sheep and goats.

Early the next morning they passed in review all of us whom they had captured, which I suppose amounted to one half of our townspeople—perhaps some five hundred. They made us stand up in our

were a little better treated  
by the Fulbe.

Before we got into the town the Sultan came out with a lot of his soldiers on horseback to meet this army which he had sent slave-raiding, and he was mightily pleased at the number of slaves they had obtained. There was a great firing of guns, and shouting, and blowing of horns, and "lulli-looing" on the part of the Fulbe women, who shrieked out all manner of jests at us as we went by, calling out many words about our nakedness, which caused them to laugh. When we got into the town we slaves were divided into small companies and distributed among the principal men of the town, who

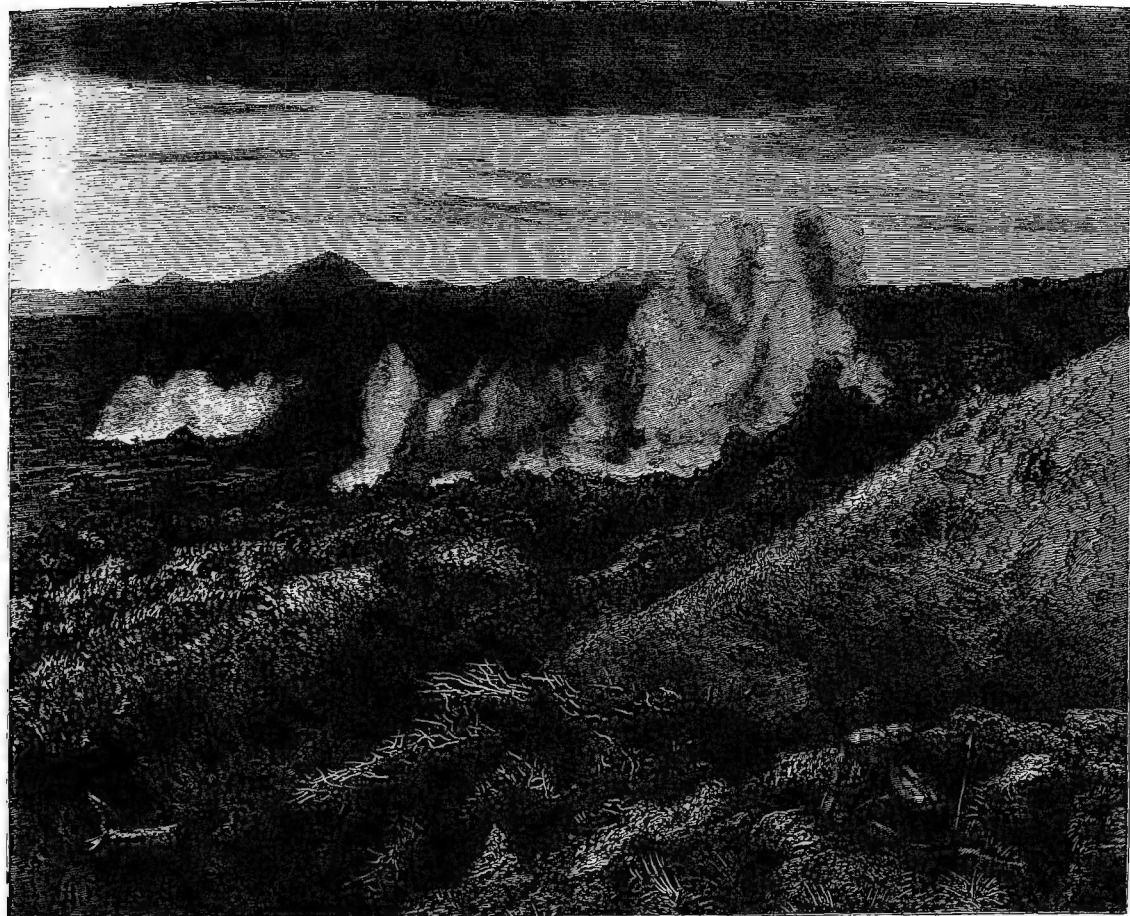


*"He laughed much to see the way in which I at first wore it"*

were to keep us in watch and ward till the Sultan should decide what to do with us. By great good fortune I found myself with my head wife and one of my brothers and five other people of our town. Much we wept together for the sorrows that had overtaken us.

The man to whom we were entrusted was none other than the commander of the expedition, and him we found a not-unkindly master. We were taken into his courtyard, and he explained to us in the Mbum language that he should take off our fetters, so that we should be free to walk about his compound, but if we attempted to escape we should be killed at once; "and, moreover, if we did get outside the town, where were we to go? We were now many days' journey from our country, which had been laid waste, and wherever we might wander we should find the Fulbe there ready to recapture us." Then, according to our country-fashion, he made us take a pinch of the soil between our fingers and swear not to run away, and this, seeing no help for it, we did, and after so doing our lot was less hard, for we were allowed to wash ourselves, and could eat and drink in plenty.

After we had stayed in Gashka perhaps ten or twelve days, a big slave market was held there, at which nearly all the slaves which the Fulbe had captured in their recent raids were exposed for sale, and a Pulo slave merchant from Yola, after closely examining me, bought me for two thousand kauri-shells, and he also purchased five other of our people, among whom was my head wife. Our new master joined himself to a big Ful caravan with which we travelled to Yola during many days over a mountainous country that was inhabited by the Kotoos, people who are friends of the Fulbe. On our way we passed on the east of a big, big mountain, bigger than any I had yet seen, and we reached Yola after spending twenty days on the road. When I beheld this place I was filled with wonder, for I had seen no town like it. It is not worthy to be compared with Tarabulus, nor with Kano or Murzuk, or the great cities of the Sudan, but it far surpassed anything I had seen in my own country, and I began to think that after all we pagans were as monkeys



*"They said that along the horizon in the direction of Dokaka they saw the smoke of burning towns"*

chains--men, women, and children (the little children were not chained, because the Fulas knew they would not leave their mothers), and we were carefully examined by the leader of the Ful soldiers. All such as were aged, or deformed, or weakly, were separated from the others, and put on one side. Their chains were taken off, and they were told jestingly by the Fulbe that they might go where they pleased, but when the poor simpletons began to slink off towards the bush, the Fulbe, with shouts of laughter, began firing at them with their guns and riding them down on horseback.

Some of the Fulbe horsemen would stop for a moment and tie a rope around the ankle of one of these fugitives who had fallen down, and fasten the other end of this rope to his saddle, and then ride round and round the square at full gallop, till the man he had dragged with him was simply a shapeless mass of blood and bones.

At length their leader recalled all his men by having a drum beaten, and orders were given to get ready for a start.

All we slaves whom they had selected to take away with them were marched in twos and threes to the river, where we were made to wash and drink. Here several who were mad with grief jumped into the river, though they were chained together, and tried to swim down the stream, but they all sank to the bottom, and were seen no more.

One woman, who had been incessantly howling all the morning because her son had been killed by the Fulbe, was ordered several times by those who were guarding us to cease her noise, and as she paid no heed to their warning, she was shot. After we had been made to drink at the river, we were ranged in a row on the bank, and the Fulbe distributed among us food from our own plantations. This we were ordered to eat, and threatened with immediate death if we refused.

About midday the Fulbe army was got into order, and the slaves were made to march in the centre of the caravan, with soldiers in front and behind, some widening the road as we went along—that is to say, cutting down the bush to prevent any enemies concealing themselves on the line of route. All of us slaves who were men had our hands securely tied behind our backs with coils of bush rope, and round our necks were fastened slave-sticks, linking every two slaves together. The women's hands were free, so that they might easier take their children with them, either by holding their hands or carrying them slung round the back. In this fashion we walked all the rest of that day, and slept at night in a Fulbe camp, where we found a lot more Mohammedan soldiers of the King of Gashka who had been slave-raiding at Bakuba, and had brought back with them a number of Bakuba people whom they had captured.

The next day the whole force set out, with all the soldiers, to travel to a large town called Banyo, which we reached in four days' time. Any slaves that could not keep up with the march of the caravan were stabbed or shot, and left behind, and the fear of this death made us walk as we had never walked before. But with some of the women who were young and comely the Fulbe soldiers were even laughing when the soldiers jested—so soon do these poor pagans forget. On the road, every night we stopped to camp, the Fulbe gave us just as much food as would keep us from starving; but those who were young and well-made got a little more than those who were old and ungainly. Thus my mother, who was getting on in years, and was worth little as a slave, received such scant food from the Fulbe that the fatigue of these four days' journey caused her to die of weakness soon after we got to Banyo; and, as I lay joined to another man in the market-place at night, I saw her body released from its bonds by the soldiers and cast out into the street, where the hyenas which wander through the town at night came and tore it to pieces.

Banyo is a big town belonging to the Sultan of Gashka. It is a place where the pagans of many nations, who are more or less under the Fulo rule, bring their ivory and slaves for sale. I saw men here from many far countries, whose speech I could not understand. When we had rested several days at Banyo we again set out for Gashka, which we reached after about two days' journey, passing a big mountain on the way. Along this road not a few of the slaves sank down from weariness, and were killed, for the way we followed was very arduous, lying among hills and valleys and great rocks. When we reached Gashka I was so tired that I cared not whether I lived or died. But here we



"On our way we passed on the east of a big big mountain"





"And all these creatures, which are wont to disagree in the forest . . . were now so scared by the flood, which had driven them for refuge to this small village on a little mound, that they looked not at each other, but watched the water only"

compared to the Fulbe, and I felt ashamed that I was naked, and had no clothes to make me look like a Mahommedan. On our journey to Yola, I had won the favour of my Pulo master, who was pleased to find me strong and active, and good-tempered, and when we arrived at Yola he gave me an old blue cotton shirt to wear, with which I was greatly pleased, though he and his friends laughed much to see the way in which I at first wore it, for we pagans recking little of decency would have it that clothes should be worn to make a man look smart and not to cover his body, so that when I first got this shirt I wound it round my neck and shoulders until I was taught its proper use.

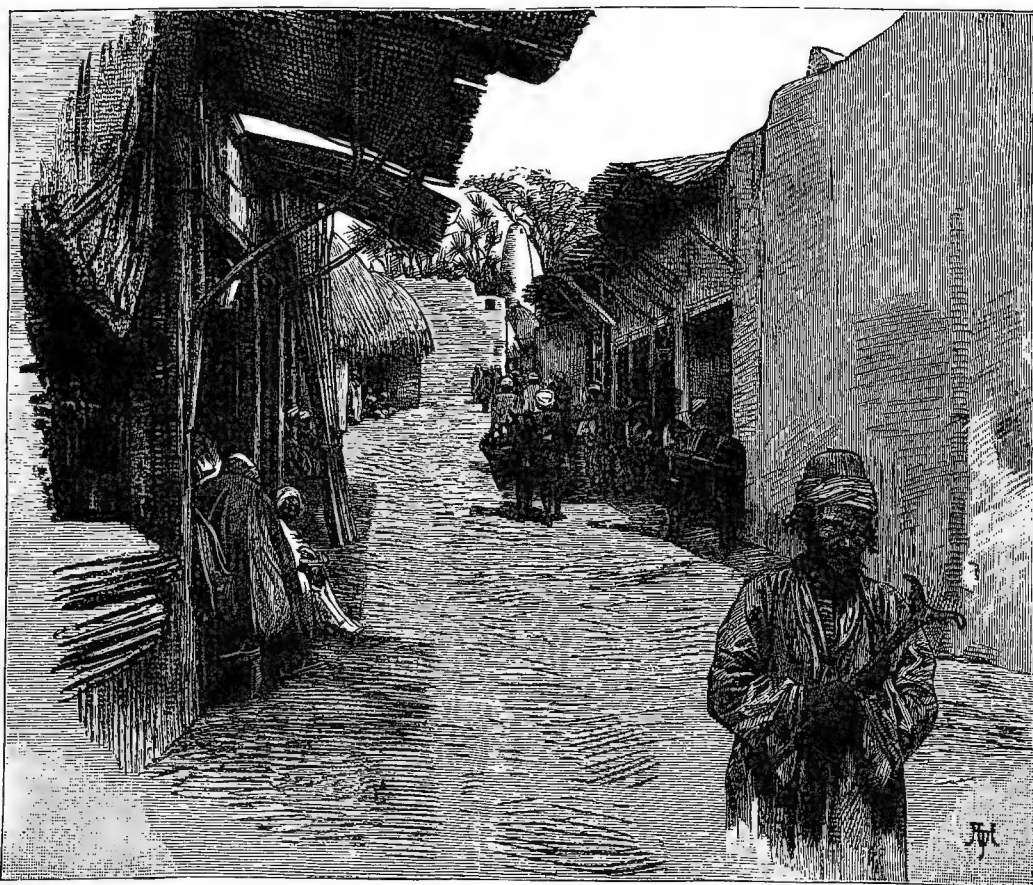
While I stayed in Yola I began to learn the Ful language, or as those people call it the "Fulfulde," and when my master, the Pulo merchant, found that I was of a mind to learn, he began to show me, and entrusted me with matters of trade rather than slave labour in the plantations, such as the other slaves were put to. In this way I went with him on several small journeys into the Batta country, and to the great Pulo town of Ribago, and seeing that I was versed in the knowledge of the ivory traffic he employed me to choose out and buy tusks from the people round the big mountain—I think its name was Alantika—and once I went as far as Ngaunders, where we bought much ivory, and where my master gathered in many more slaves from the pagan countries round. Many of these were wild people, wilder than we had been in Mbudikum, most of them were stark naked, but some wore leaves, and we who were now clothed and had forgotten the days when we were pagans laughed at these bushmen, and when they were handed over to our

charge to carry the ivory, we treated them as the slaves of slaves, and beat them when they did not understand our orders. When my master had collected a good supply of ivory and slaves he decided to set out from Yola, and proceed to a great city of the Fulbe, called Yakuba, in the country of Bautshi. This he told me was his home, and here he had a big house and many wives, and he was resolved to return thither, and after he had disposed of his slaves and ivory to settle down with his women and children for the rest of his days. So when he had finished his business in Yola, and had given a hand-some present to the Pulo governor of that place, he trafficked with the Batta people, and bought many canoes, all of these, as is the fashion of these countries, being hollowed out of a single tree, and not put together with boards and nails as are the ships of the Arabs and the Christians, or even the boats of the fishing people that live round the Great Lake. And we loaded these canoes with the ivory which our master had collected. In charge of each canoe was put a big slave, and the ivory was weighed and counted, and written in a book, so that if any tusks were lost or stolen our master would surely find out and punish the slave who had been in charge of the canoe. And in the biggest canoe we put together a little house of palm-thatch which should be a place for our master to sit in, protected from the sun and rain; and when the canoes were all packed and the slaves all tied together and stowed away in them, we started on our journey down the great river Benue, to reach the place called Wusu.

Now it was the season of the rains, and the river was greatly risen in volume, and overflowed its banks for a considerable distance on either side, so that the water seemed like a great sea without limits except for the deleb palms which here and there rose above the flood, and marked where the borders of the stream should be in the dry season. Here and there we could see distant hills which looked like islands in a great lake. Many difficulties encompassed us in this journey, and often we were near to destruction, for the floods of the river having extended so far, it was exceedingly difficult for us to know which should be the right channel of the river, and hard to tell how we should avoid the great snags and fallen trees which lay concealed so near the surface of the water, and against which the canoes would often bump, so that we were near capsizing. And worse than this were the river-horses—"Nseshe," as we used to call them in our country—animals as big almost as elephants, who live in the water and have great mouths, stuck with huge teeth—and these "Nseshe" these river-horses, as the Arabs call them, are of a bold and ferocious nature in the rainy season, for it was the time of year when they were breeding, and whenever they could find a canoe in the shallow waters they would often make for it and endeavour to upset it, either by bumping the canoe underneath with their big heads, so that they stove a hole in the bottom, or else seizing the gunwale with their teeth and dragging the canoe over to one side and so capsizing it. And, although my master gave orders that we should fire many guns at these river-horses and hurl spears at them, this did not secure us altogether from their pursuit; and, indeed, it caused them sometimes to wax more fierce, and, in this way we lost two canoes and much ivory, for the river-horses broke their sides in and caused the ivory to fall into the river-mud, where most of it was buried and lost, and the slaves that were in these canoes, being thrown into the water, had to swim for their lives. One of them was killed by a river-horse, who bit his body in two, others were dragged down by crocodiles, and we saw them no



"The water seemed like a great sea without limits except for the deleb palms which here and there rose above the flood."



"Yakuba seemed the grandest place in all the world, with its fine houses of clay and its dakakin (shops)"

more. Two of them, who were women, our master took into his own canoe. But the others, the men, he would not stay to help, because the other canoes were already overcrowded, and these slaves being of little value, he cared not to run any further risk by picking them up. So what became of them I know not: perchance they swam on until they touched ground and were able to wade to the dry land, or it may be the crocodiles caught them all.

For some time, as we paddled down stream, we could see their heads bobbing like black points on the waste of waters, and we laughed much when, every now and then, we heard a scream, and guessed that a crocodile had seized another slave. And we slaves, who cared little for the loss of the ivory, for it was not ours, began to make many merry jests about the crocodiles, saying that they would thank Allah for the feast He had given them; but our master, who was sad for the loss of his ivory, chid us, and bade us be silent, or he would throw us to the crocodiles too.

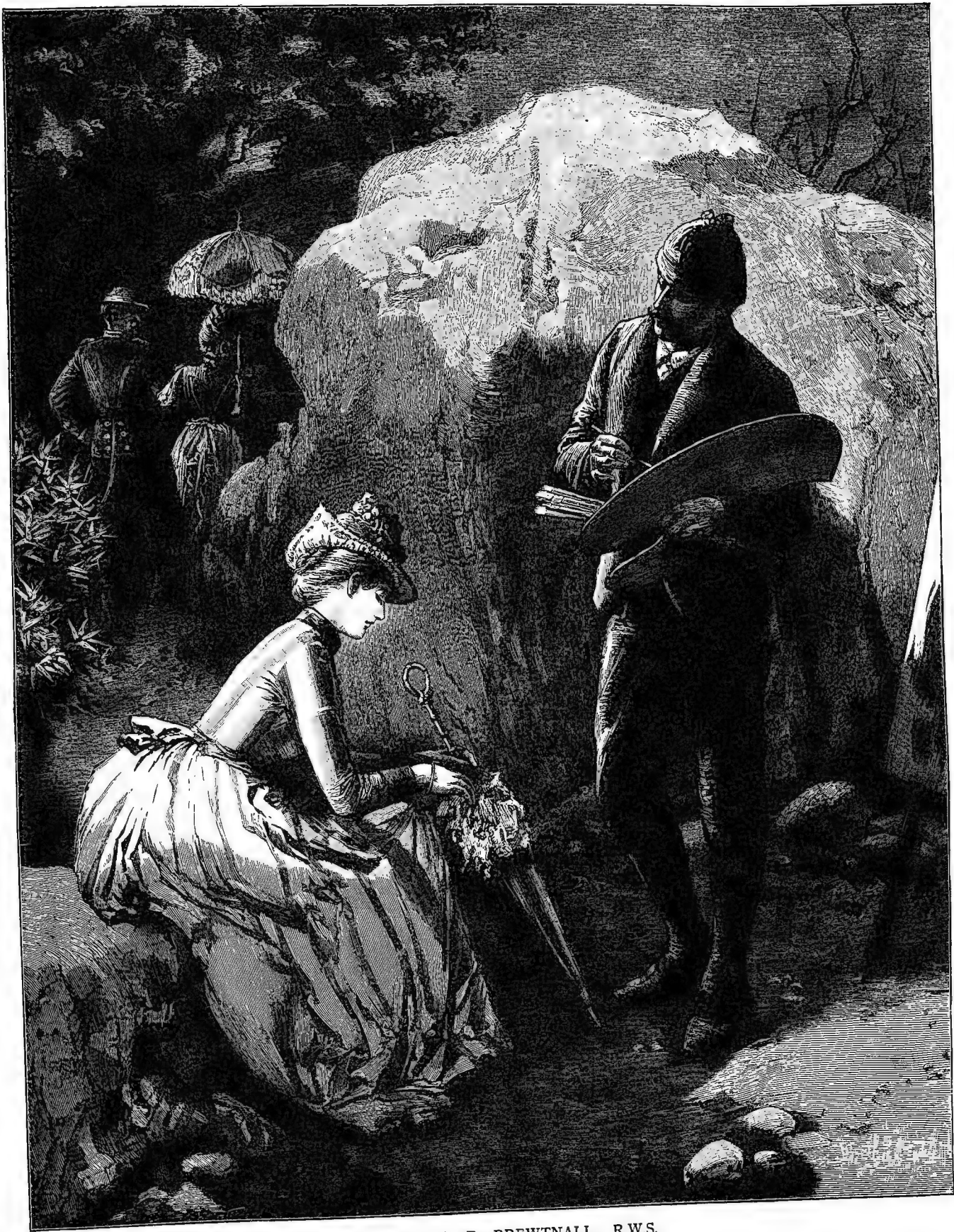
In some places that we passed by there had been great floods, owing to the heavy rains; and, in the country of Basama, the villages were all on little islands, with the water coming close up to the houses, and only the tops of the plantain-trees showing here and there where the plantations were covered. And on one of these islands, where the village had been deserted by the inhabitants, who had fled away in canoes, we saw a strange sight. There was a lion seated on his haunches, a company of baboons on the roofs of the houses, some hogs, of a kind called "Ngena" in our country language; two bush-deer, of a sort which we name "Ngaba"—red-coated, with white stripes; and a large black snake, of a kind whose name is "Nok" in Mbudikum, and which the Fulbe call "Modondi." And all these creatures, which are wont to disagree in the forest—the lion to eat the bush-deer, and the snake to eat the baboons, and the hogs to kill the snake—were now so scared by the flood, which had driven them for refuge to this small village on a little mound, that they looked not at each other, but watched the water only, as it mounted higher and higher, and ate up the ground as it rose; and our master bade us fire our guns and hurl our lances at the lion. But whether we killed him or not I cannot say, for the flood was so strong that we dared not turn the canoes broad-side, and stop, lest they should be overwhelmed. And, as we got nearer towards the district of Muri, the great expanse of water grew less in breadth, for the mountains closed in nearer to the course of the stream; but, on this account, the force of the current grew even stronger.

At length the Pulo soldier, who was one of my master's servants, called out to the steersman of the canoe that was leading to enter a small creek or branch of the river which appeared on our right-hand, and here the water was quieter, and soon after we had entered this narrow branch we stopped at a riverside town called Wusu. Here all the slaves and the ivory were disembarked, and we all left the canoes, which were afterwards sold by our master to a Pulo who lived at Muri.

At Wusu my master only stayed sufficient time to get all the caravan in order, and then set out for Muri, which was a day's journey from Wusu. Muri was a big town of the Fulbe, which belonged to the Sultan of Yakuba, and here my master had many friends and abode for several days, conversing with them, and here he bought many camels, and asses, and horses, with some of his ivory, and the rest of the tusks he packed

(Continued on page 370)





DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

Iris's face was crimson now. She looked down, and answered nothing. He longed in his heart to stoop forward and kiss her.

## "THE TENTS OF SHEMA"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### A HARD WRENCH

To Uncle Tom's Lincoln's Inn intelligence, the settlement of the point that Clarence Knyvett's so-called marriage with the late lamented Halima, deceased, was no marriage at all by English law, had closed the episode of their visit to Algeria. So far as he was concerned, that loyal son of the British Bar, true lawyer to the core, was prepared forthwith to return to the classic shades of Old Square, leaving bare-legged Miss Meriem and her Paynim friends to their own devices thenceforth and for ever. To be sure, he would have favourably entertained any proposal from Iris to pension-off her Uncle Clarence's alleged daughter with a modest pension of admitted. A man's flesh and blood may be said, in a certain sort of property—pooh, pooh, the notion was too utterly ridiculous to be seriously considered by a judicial mind for half a minute. So he straightway proposed an immediate return to his foolish intimacy with Iris could involve herself any further in this foolish intimacy with a half-savage, left-handed Mohamadan cousin.

The Third Classic, however, to Uncle Tom's supreme disgust, refused to see matters in the same simple and legally-polarised light. The law, she said, in her irreverent fashion, as they conversed with

animation that evening at the Fort, might declare Uncle Clarence was no relation at all to his own daughter till all was blue. She, for her part, defied the judges, and insisted upon taking a more natural biological view of the question. Coleridge, C.J., might talk himself black in the face to prove the contrary, and she wouldn't believe him. She maintained with obstinacy, in spite of Blackstone, the perverse opinion that father and child are more or less remotely connected by nature with one another, and that all the law and all the lawyers in England could never make them into strangers in blood, whatever they did to them. Besides, she wanted to stop and see more of Meriem. She wanted to decide in her own mind what must be done about the matter of the inheritance.

She did not add to Uncle Tom—perhaps she did not add even to herself—that she wanted also to consider what must be done about Vernon Blake, and how she was to tear away her own poor little heart from that too attractive and cohesive painter.

"Madame will be tired of us," Uncle Tom suggested, as a last resort. "She can hardly mean to take us all in as lodgers at nothing a week for an indefinite period."

But Madame, who just caught at the meaning of his sentence as he let it drop, interposed with something more than mere French politeness to assure her dear friends she would be delighted for her part to put them up on those terms for ever and ever. And so in truth she would, no doubt, have been; for the little woman loved

society; and in this dull place, *que voulez-vous, monsieur?* Must one die of *ennui*?

So Uncle Tom in the end retired, worsted, as he always did from an encounter with Iris. Those persistent Knyvetts, with their sentiments and emotions, were invariably too much for his common-sense legalism. They could twist him round their little fingers, as he himself could twist and turn an unwilling witness. His very side-issues broke down hopelessly. If Mrs. Knyvett's bronchitis, as Iris averred, really made it impossible to return at this time of year from a warm climate to the fogs of England, why couldn't they, at least, retire upon their own snug and comfortable villa at Algiers, till Amelia was well again?

But Iris said *no*, with her pretty little foot and the family emphasis, and Uncle Tom, squashed flat under the weight of her crushing negative, was forced to submit to that imperative gesture. Iris would never leave Grande Kabylie, she declared, till she'd settled the two subjects that now lived most of all in her mind—Meriem's fortune, and Meriem's love-affairs. Meriem must take it all—all—from her. Meriem must have Uncle Arthur's fortune, and . . . Meriem must marry that handsome painter.

In those two firm resolves, Iris sobbed herself wearily to sleep with self-righteous pride that night in her own bedroom at the Fort at St. Cloud. The fortune, indeed, she could give up readily; but not the painter—no, not the painter.

Yet her pretty eyes were none the redder for her tears, when she



"I find that charming," she said, in an undertone, to her friend the officer; "we have nothing like it, *pour le bon motif, du moins*, on our side of the Channel. There is in it the element of free choice, of romance, of individual preference, and yet it's all so innocent, oh, *mon Dieu, de l'innocence ! Tandis que chez nous autres*," she broke off, sighing.

Her poor little faded rags of romance had all come afterwards ; and innocence was not precisely the exact attribute that delighted the soul of the officer of the Génie.

"Pretty! yes, *je vous l'accorde*, pretty. But that was all. A most sad affair. She hadn't the sou. Her husband had married her *par pure dépravation*; *je vous assure, madame, par pure dépravation.*"

Vernon Blake lifted his eyes timidly from his canvas as she spoke, and caught Iris's. He couldn't forbear a meaning smile. The whole point of view was so thoroughly un-English. Iris dropped her own modest eyelids in return. The mute little pantomime was not thrown away on Madame's keen glance.

"Come on, *mon ami*," she cried of a sudden to her companion, in a very low tone, seizing his arm spasmodically. "These two have affairs of their own to settle. Let us not derange them. Let us admire the landscape." And they admired the landscape on their own account, a hundred yards off, round the corner of the rock, with that other element of individual preference thrown in, which, though not so guileless, is more peculiarly charming to the French idiosyncrasy.

Nervon Blake's breath came and went in gasps. "Yes," he said slowly, pretending to fiddle with his brush at a painted leaf in the foreground as he spoke. "I think, myself, I should much prefer the girl I wished to marry should have nothing of her own. I should like to spend my life, as you say, in working hard for her, and if ever I attained to wealth and fame and honour and dignity, to lay everything I'd earned as an offering at her feet, if only she'd accept it. . . . I think it's more manly and more natural so. The man

But Iris felt a sudden storm convulse her bosom. As the painter spoke, his words thrilled her. She knew he loved her—she knew she loved him. But he was Meriem's first. She must give him up, against her will, to Meriem.

With a terrible effort, Iris did what she thought right. "I don't think my cousin Meriem would misconstrue your motives," she answered, slowly, pretending to misunderstand his plain meaning. "Of course she'll be rich when she comes in to Uncle Arthur's money, as I mean she shall do; but she was not rich when . . . . when you first paid attentions to her; and she could hardly think, under such circumstances, you meant to ask her for anything except her own sake."

Iris struggled hard to release it, but in vain. "Let go my hand," she said at last in an angry, authoritative tone; and Blake, surprised, let it go instantly, in answer to that imperious Knyvett voice. Her lips trembled, but she nerved herself up and said her say, straight out, for all that. "I don't know why not," she answered evasively. "Meriem's beautiful; Meriem's rich; Meriem's an heiress in her own right; Meriem's my Uncle Clarence's daughter; I don't know why any man shouldn't be proud and pleased to marry Meriem."

"And after I've seen *you*, Iris?"

He said it boldly. He said it softly. He called her by her name. He was not afraid to do it. In spite of herself, in spite of her conscience, in spite of her stern sense of duty to Meriem, Iris felt a sudden thrill of unwonted joy course down her spine as she heard him call her so. It was sweet to have won the heart of that beautiful creator of beautiful images, come what might of it. Sweet to have won it, if only for a day. Though she must give him up to Meriem—for he was Meriem's first—she didn't attempt

in her soul to know he loved her.

But she crushed it all down with unconquerable force. She was a Knyvett born; no weakness for her, even where a woman's heart was concerned. She looked back at him coldly, though those quivering lips belied her words. "Meriem told me all last night," she answered, with a pang. "You made love to her long before ever I came here. You made love to her when she was still poor and a nobody. You must marry her now she's a rich lady, and Uncle Arthur's heiress; for it's I, after all, who am poor and a nobody, you see, nowadays."

"I understand," he said. "I'm glad of that."

It was hard on poor Iris, undeniably hard. She saw he meant it; she saw how the blood came quick into his cheek as he said those words. It was for herself he loved her, not for lands or money. Had she followed the promptings of her own soft heart, she would have flung herself at once, in sweet abandonment, upon the painter's bosom. But a sterner tyrant ruled her actions. The Knyvett conscience, aglow with indignation, rose in full revolt. "Mr. Blake," she cried, starting back, and assuming a virtuous anger she only felt with half her nature, "how dare you call me by my Christian name, when you know you've made love for months to Meriem? How dare you be so untrue, and unkind, and unfaithful to her? Don't try to conceal the facts from me, please, or to gloss them over, or to make light of them easily. You won't succeed, for Meriem told me all last night; and I see what it means; you must marry Meriem!"

Iris gazed back at him like a marble Nemesis. "Meriem told me," she answered, with stern self-restraint, "you've made love to her the way they make love in English novels. She told me you'd taken her face in your hands and kissed her often. She told me everything that passed between you. Do you think after that, in your own conscience, you've any right to marry any one else but Meriem?"

"To amuse yourself! Yes, yes, that's it, I know. You meant to amuse yourself. It was only that to you, perhaps, I dare say; but to Meriem—— Mr. Blake, how dare you tell me so? Don't you see she loves you! You'll break that girl's heart unless you marry her."

"My heart must break, too, if need be," she answered, all taken aback, with a flush of passion.

"I *do* love you," she answered, slowly. "But I can never marry you. If *I* can give it up, so can *you*. I will never rest till you marry Meriem."

The startled girl sprang back as if she had been stung. That kiss thrilled her through in every nerve. But she knew it was wrong; her conscience chilled her.

But in her own room at the Fort that night she lay on her bed for hours, in her evening dress, with the candle burning, and sobbed her throat sore with love and misery.

## COUNTERPLOT

It was not a very noble form of love, to be sure. Harold Knyvett's very affections were all purely selfish. What he thought to himself every day, more and more, now that Iris was gone over sea to Algeria, was simply this—that nobody could ever please him like Iris. With Iris, he could be happy, comfortable, contented, at his ease; a pleasant companion secured him for ever; no idle gossip or silly chatter to disturb his tranquil enjoyment of his after-dinner claret; a sensible girl, with a head on her shoulders, ever ready to soothe him with her finer fancies, to touch him with her lighter thought. A man of culture should have a woman of culture as a help meet for him. Harold Knyvett recognised in his lofty soul that the Third Classic was his pre-established harmony, the very woman intended by Heaven to keep such a man as himself company.

The more he thought of them, then, the more abundantly clear did it become to his logical intelligence that since he loved them, he must bring their owner down on her knees in the dust before him. She had sent him off, to be sure, that evening to West Kensington, with a most undignified and unqualified dismissal. But what of that? Girls never know their own minds for ten minutes together. *Amantium iræ amoris integratio est* (as a man of taste, Harold Knyvett could even make metre out of a Latin *senarius*) and when she found he had come in after all to Sir Arthur's property, she would descend gracefully, no doubt, from her high horse, and, with some preliminary pretence at coyness, consent to marry the heir of Sidi Aia. What's worth winning's worth playing for. And Harold Knyvett, being a born gambler, was quite prepared to play a high stake for his cousin Iris.

It was a big piece of work, to be sure—a risky job—and it required caution. One must put judgment into this sort of thing, of course. No precipitancy. Go to work slowly, judiciously, carefully, warily. That old fool Whitmarsh, ass as he was, had acquired an undoubted technical knack in detecting and exposing—well, colourable imitations of dead men's signatures; for, in polite society, we never call them to ourselves even "forgeries." But what Harold Knyvett meant to do was to find somewhere a will of Sir Arthur's, leaving everything to himself personally, and duly attested by two good witnesses, both of whom must be conveniently dead, both of whom must possess at least a fair show of probability, and both of whose signatures must survive the ordeal of that old fool Whitmarsh's professional scrutiny.

Now nobody has any idea how difficult a matter it is to forge a really plausible will (*experto crede*) until he comes to try it himself experimentally. First of all—but that is the smallest problem of any—you have to imitate the testator's signature by gradual steps till you can write it off-hand with freedom and ease like your own name; for the smallest appearance of stiffness or formality, the faintest indication of doubt or deliberation, the remotest hint of unfamiliarity or weakness, becomes before the prying gaze of the expert in handwriting absolutely fatal. The Chabots and the Pallisers will force your hand. Every letter must be turned out boldly at a dash; every stroke and line must be natural, and seemingly quite unpremeditated. Men write their signatures so often, indeed, that the fingers acquire an instinctive twist; it's far harder to copy successfully those few flowing curves of a native twirl than to imitate a page of ordinary manuscript.

When Harold Knyvet had managed by assiduous practice, however (on scraps of paper, all religiously burnt as soon as written), to turn out an imitation of Sir Arthur's hand that even Nethercliff himself would have hesitated to declare an undoubted forgery, the hardest part of his task still remained to him. He had letters enough of Sir Arthur's from which to work, in the first instance, and he studied them all so carefully and minutely that he could at last produce an almost perfect facsimile of the cramped and crabbed twists of the old general's gouty signature. But the will itself, with its manifold pitfalls, was a far harder and more ticklish matter. In the first place, you have to draw up something, in a legal hand and with legal phraseology, which will bear the suspicious gaze of eminent Q.C.'s, and outlive the sniffing and flaw-hunting criticism of spectated juniors. Then there are the outsiders, those two fearsome outsiders, who, as the attestation clause charmingly phrases it, "with more legal precision than literary beauty," "being present at the same time in testator's presence, at his request, and in the presence of each other, have hereto subscribed their names as witnesses." How much needless trouble they gave poor Harold! how nearly they drove him to the verge of despair, in the vain attempt to make quite sure of their historical existence, their date of death, and their freedom from the disastrous taint of an *alibi*.

For Sir Arthur's will, from the very nature of the case, must necessarily have been executed either at Algiers or Aix. At no date subsequent to the execution of the first will in Iris's favour had Sir Arthur ever returned to England. Now, that awkward circumstance made the witness question a peculiarly delicate one for the amateur to handle. Harold's problem, neatly put, amounted, in fact, to just this: how to find two likely persons at Aix or Algiers, both now defunct, both well known of late years to Sir Arthur, and both of whom he could be quite sure might possibly have been at a certain place on a certain date, without fear of any meddlesome lawyer's proving that one of them on that day was actually elsewhere. First on one point Harold had made up his mind; he would run no risk; if he forged a will, nobody on earth would ever be able to say it was a probable forgery. They might think so, of course, as much as they liked; thought is free in a free country—so long as you don't express it in speaking or writing. But to say so—no; Harold Knyvett would so manage the thing that whatever suspicions old Whitmarsh might harbour they should be suspicions only, incapable of proof before judge and jury. As a man of culture he objected to the crude contrasts of prison dress; he would not waste his valuable time in doing fourteen years of enforced seclusion among the uninteresting scenery of Portland or of Prince's Town.

uninteresting scenery of Portland or of Falmouth that surrounded "Labor omnia vincit," said the Knyvett motto that surrounded the crest on Harold's neat and dainty hand-made note-paper; and the assiduous care did, indeed, at last conquer all difficulties in the discovery of two defunct possible witnesses, whose presence together in Sir Arthur's rooms at Aix, on a given day in the summer before last, was, to say the least of it, not plainly disprovable. With infinite pains Harold hunted them up. He had first to take into his service, indeed, in the guise of a kinsman grateful for attention bestowed, that double-faced scoundrel, Sir Arthur's valet, Gilbert Montgomery, whose deep-dyed treachery he abhorred and despised, then, with all the strength of his own manly and simple nature. He had then, by dexterous side-hints and careful leading questions, to find out from this dangerous tool all about Sir Arthur's habits and Sir Arthur's cronies, without too obviously exciting Montgomery's suspicions. He had to fix upon two persons both dead, both at Aix at the same time, and both likely to be asked to act as witnesses. He had to hunt up among Sir Arthur's papers (which Montgomery sold him) letters from both these persons, to imitate their handwriting, and to make sure of a day on which both might reasonably have called upon Sir Arthur without danger of anybody urging the awkward fact that on that particular afternoon one or both were ill in bed, or absent at Geneva, or engaged in some other incompatible pursuit, place, or occupation. In the end, however, Harold's ceaseless pains provided against every possible contingency, and triumphed over every prospective assault of the leader of the Probate and Divorce Division. The will, in fact, was a perfect gem of forgery, calculated to deceive the very elect; so clever a fraud had never been perpetrated since Thomas Kynnersley Whitmarsh first



ate his dinners at Lincoln's Inn in the callow days of the newly-fledged half-century.

So Harold Knyvett said to himself with no small satisfaction as he surveyed the document one autumn evening in the safe solitude of his own bed-room. No detail had been neglected that leads on to success. The very paper was French, from Sir Arthur's desk at Aix-les-Bains; the ink was sand-powdered with French precision; the tape to tie it was bought in Paris; the watermark was true to the year and month; everything was *en règle* with consummate forethought. As a matter of fact, Harold Knyvett had forgotten nothing. He was determined not to be caught out in a scholar's nothing; and he surveyed his own work, when complete, with parental pride; as a specimen of what a man of intelligence can do when he seriously devotes his mind to forgery.

And now, but one thing was left—to discover it. Discovering a forged will is in itself an art. Foolish precipitancy in this respect may spoil everything. You may make your forgery itself as safe as houses, and yet, if you produce it without a history, or let it drop from a clear sky, unaccounted for, you lay so to speak, or let it drop from a clear sky, unaccounted for, you lay yourself open to the most absurd suspicions by not being able to show cause for its due preservation. Harold Knyvett had thought of that difficulty too, but as yet he hardly saw his way well out of it. On one point only he was quite clear; he must find the will in Sir Arthur's rooms at Aix or at Mustapha. How to account for his presence at either place at this critical juncture was the sole remaining problem before him. And to the plausible solution of that one problem Harold now addressed himself.

He must get to Algeria, as it were, by accident.

(To be continued)



"LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE, 1826-1836," edited by Charles Eliot Norton (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), add two more volumes to the already enormous mass of Carlyle literature. The book is a continuation of "The Early Letters," published in 1886, and the works are uniform in size and binding. Professor Norton shows that Mr. Froude, over and over again, altered the sense of Carlyle's letters merely through extraordinary carelessness in transcription; that he omitted passages without giving the reader any hint of the hiatus; that he drew questionable or unwarranted inferences from the passages which he printed. All this, says Mr. Norton, with quiet irony, would be surprising "in the work of any other editor." These letters give a tolerably continuous account of Carlyle's life "from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established by the publication of the 'French Revolution.'" Some of them, and passages from others, have already appeared in Mr. Froude's "Life," with the errors above mentioned. Here, at any rate, they are at least correctly printed; and any one who can read these letters carefully and then accept Mr. Froude's theory of the conjugal relations between Carlyle and his wife must be absolutely blind to the value of evidence. For the rest, the letters are full of interest of all kinds. They show more strongly than ever the extraordinary depth of Carlyle's affection for his own family: the letters to his mother and his brother brim over with tender affection. We see Carlyle revolving all kinds of literary projects, and we follow him through the successful struggle with "The French Revolution." The sketches of contemporaries are as masterly as any of his later things in the same line; this of Albany de Fonblanque, for example:—"A long, thin, flail of a man, with wintry, zealous-looking eyes; lank, thin hair, wide, small-chinned mouth, *baggy*, wrinkly, care-accustomed face; greatly the air of a Radical." In some of the letters Carlyle gives his early impressions of London; in others he talks of his growing intimacy with friends, such as Mill and John Sterling. Mr. Norton, it is much to be hoped, will give us further details of the later portion of Carlyle's life. It is to be regretted that the task of editing the biography was not left in his hands instead of in those of Mr. Froude. Mr. Norton's books might have been, perhaps, less brilliant, but they would have been very much more trustworthy.

M. J. Grand-Carteret's book "Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France" (Paris: La Librairie Illustrée, 7 Rue du Croissant) is an entertaining and instructive volume, which throws many a curious side-light upon the history of France during a succession of eventful years. The first caricature in the book is dated 1605; but a good deal of compression was necessary in the eighteenth century in order to give space for the later caricaturists. Of the work of Charlet, Dantan, Bellangé, Daumier, Gavarni, Grandville, Humbert, Régamey, and Grévin there are many examples; and later we come to "Cham," "Caran d'Ache," and "Mars." Altogether there are eight coloured plates, forty-five apart from the text, and nearly 500 small illustrations. There is no phase of social life, no fashionable absurdity, no international jealousy, no change of dynasty which is not reflected here either with wit or malice. M. Grand-Carteret has paid a good deal more attention to manners than to politics, though there is a sprinkling of political cartoons. One of the best of these is a coloured plate of Thiers as *La Fille de Madame Angot*. It is exquisitely funny; and has, moreover, an historic interest, as it was forbidden by the Press censor, and appears here for the first time. Gustave Doré is represented by several small caricatures—early work, and not to be compared with his later drawings. The crinoline, of course, gave endless employment to the caricaturists, and the Highlanders who visited Paris in 1815 seem to have astounded the natives. The book generally is excellently done, alike in letterpress and illustrations.

In a dainty little book of French-grey cover with red lettering, Messrs. Field and Tuer issue what they call "A Pearl of English Rhetoric," "Thomas Carlyle on the Repeal of the Union." An introductory note by "P. E. N." tells us that the paper was written in 1848, and that it is not to be found among any of Carlyle's republished works. To that we may add that the paper originally appeared in the *Examiner* of April 29th, 1848 (under the editorship of Fonblanque), and that it was reprinted in full in Messrs. Shepherd and Williamson's "Memoirs of Thomas Carlyle," published in 1881. The article is none the less welcome in its new form. Carlyle, of course, was a Unionist of the extreme type; the cry for Repeal of the Union was hateful to him. "In no conceivable circumstances could, or durst, a British Minister propose to concede such a thing," wrote he. But Carlyle reckoned without Mr. Gladstone, who just thirty-eight years afterwards proposed this very thing. Here, at any rate, the Chelsea Sage was a false prophet.

In "César Borgia: Sa Vie, Sa Captivité, Sa Mort" (2 vols.: Paris: J. Rothschild, 13, Rue des Saints-Pères) M. Charles Yriarte has given us a very careful historical study. He has been at great pains to master his subject thoroughly; he has consulted many authorities, and has unearthed documents at Simancas and other places. The result is a learned disquisition on the Borgias, which is accurate without being lively, thorough without being amusing. M. Yriarte is a chronicler rather than a historian. He takes infinite pains to get his facts right, but of presenting them so as to fascinate the reader he has no idea. Accuracy, after all, is the essential virtue of the historian, and the present work will long remain the standard book about the infamous family whose name is synonymous with all that is treacherous and vile. Generally speaking M. Yriarte

keeps mainly to the accepted view of Cæsar Borgia, his father and sister. No whitewashing is possible in the case of Cæsar, at any rate: "Il est impossible de réhabiliter Cæsar, il y a du monstre en lui. . . . c'est un artiste en machinations infernales, personne ne sait mieux ourdir un crime et en perpétrer l'exécution." With regard to Lucrèce, M. Yriarte seems inclined to disbelieve some of the grossest charges brought against her by Roscoe, but even without these enough remains to brand her as one of the most infamous of women. Quietly and evenly, with ample knowledge and scholarship, M. Yriarte unfolds the lives of these terrible people. Not a touch is omitted which could add to the truth of the picture; not a point is left uncertain when there is a possibility of getting at the truth. Admirably printed, and enriched with many illustrations of great merit, the book stands out as one of the most accurate pieces of historical writing which we have had within the last few years.

"Honoré Fragonard: Sa Vie et Son Œuvre" (Paris: J. Rothschild, 13, Rue des Saints-Pères), is one of those superb examples of French book-production which must excite a feeling of hopeless envy in the breasts of our English publishers. Nothing on this scale is ever attempted in this country. Fragonard was a French artist of extraordinary talent born in 1732. He died in 1806, and was a most rapid and prolific painter. In this huge volume the Baron Roger Portalis has aimed at giving a complete view of Fragonard's many-sided talent, and the book contains no less than 210 pictures—etchings by Lalauze, Champollion, de Mare, Courty, and many others, besides many specimens of "process" work. Almost all are admirably printed on thick paper, the type is bold, the margins ample. The letterpress is sufficient and judicious, giving a full biography of the painter, and a careful criticism of his work. An examination of the illustrations shows a great range and variety in the style of Fragonard. An artist of the first rank he certainly was not; but his energy, fertility, grace, and power mark him out as a man of unusual talent. His early work resembles that of Boucher; but later he developed a line which was like no other man's. His landscapes have imagination and feeling; his portraits are full of insight; and those pictures which are best known by engravings, such as *Le Verrou* and others, show a complete mastery of the art of drawing figures in vigorous action. Least successful of all are his Scriptural subjects. To discuss this book at length would require columns. It is a marvel of book-production which reflects the greatest credit on the energy and taste of its publishers. When will an English publisher do as much for an English painter?

In a small book of some forty pages Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, late clerk of the Herald's College, shows "How to Trace Your Own Pedigree" (Pickering and Chatto). Of course, if any one takes Mr. Hodgson's book as a guide instead of trusting the Herald's College to do the work for him, he must be prepared for a task which will consume an immense amount of time. But a more fascinating pursuit can hardly be imagined for a man with plenty of leisure and a turn for research. Mr. Hodgson's directions are clear and ample. He lays bare all the sources of information, pointing out the relative value of each, and telling how the thing may be done with the least possible trouble.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's stupendous Cryptogram is no doubt in part responsible for "Delia Bacon: A Biographical Sketch" (Sampson Low). Miss Bacon was the first person seriously to advance "the Baconian theory" of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. In the Appendix to Mr. Donnelly's book there is some account of her, and readers of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence will remember that in those pages she makes a fitful and pathetic appearance. In this biography, by Theodore Bacon, we have for the first time a complete life of this interesting woman. That she had considerable literary ability, and an infinite amount of ingenuity in supporting her theory, there is no doubt. Carlyle, Emerson, Hawthorne, all were kind and helpful to her, while utterly disbelieving in her theory. She met with opposition and ridicule; and the picture of her prying about the church at Stratford, and her final madness, is as comic-pathetic as anything in recent literary history. There is much that is amusing and interesting in the book.

"The Eyes of the Thames," by Arthur T. Pask (Ward and Downey), is a pleasant, well-written book which is worth reading. Mr. Pask knows the river, and as his sketches are mostly taken "below bridge" they deal with ground, or rather water, of which the average Londoner knows practically nothing. Mr. Pask has a very pretty turn for descriptive writing, and some of his pages are excellent style. He has, too, a keen eye for character and incident, and a pathetic vein which is by no means mawkish. "An 'Embankment' Sunset" is excellent in its way; so is "The Nore Light," and "On a River Barge." The book is distinctly good.

Of the new series of "English Men of Action" (Macmillan and Co.) we have before us two volumes: "Charles George Gordon," by Colonel Sir William F. Butler, and "Henry the Fifth," by the Rev. A. J. Church. Both are most excellent books. Of Colonel Butler's "Gordon" it may safely be said that of the many lives of the hero of Khartoum it is certainly the best. In no other volume are the distinctive traits of Gordon's character so happily dealt with. Dean Church's book is in its way quite as good. It is a vivid realisation of the character and deeds of the great King who died before his fame was dimmed by imprudent acts. The campaigns in France are described with great clearness and accuracy, and the chapter on "Prince Henry and Prince Hal" has some good criticism of Shakespeare's view of the Prince.

SUNDRIES.—Handbooks on advertising still arrive in bewildering profusion, the two latest we have received being the 1889 editions of the "Advertiser's A B C" (T. B. Browne, 163, Queen Victoria Street), and the "Advertiser's Guardian" (Louis Collins, 16, Great Marlborough Street). Mr. Browne's work, which is much the more ambitious of the two, deals largely with the subject of artistic advertisements, and contains besides exhaustive details on all matters connected with advertising; whilst Mr. Collins' little hand-book contains such articles as "The Philosophy of Advertising," "Cheap Country Newspaper Advertising," "Traps for Advertisers," &c. Both, in their way, are excellent handbooks, and will commend themselves to all advertisers for their utility. The third edition of "The Orient Line Guide," edited by Mr. W. J. Loftie, B.A. (S. Low and Co.), is before us, containing contributions from the pen of Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., on "Greece," of Sir Frederic J. Goldsmid, C.B., on "Aden," and other parts of the Red Sea, and several other interesting articles. The new edition has been carefully revised, and is embellished by a series of capital maps and photographic views. Two more books of a similar character to the above are "South Africa, and How to Reach it by the Castle Line," issued by Messrs. Donald Currie and Co., the aim of which is sufficiently attested by its title; and the "Norddeutscher Lloyd" (Southampton: Keller, Wallis, and Co.), a handbook to a German line of steamers running between Bremen and different quarters of the globe, including New York, Australia, China, Japan, &c. Both are essentially guide-books to the companies they represent, and as such will be serviceable to persons travelling by these lines.—Those who are interested in the financial condition of this country should turn to "Burdett's Official Intelligence for 1889" (Spottiswoode and Co., 44, Gracechurch Street), where they will find a capital account of the history of the National Debt, besides particulars relating to "Indian Finance," "Local Loans," and other subjects affecting the revenue and expenditure of the British Empire.



THIS is one of the busiest months of the year in preparing for Eastertide gaieties. It is a grand mistake to wait until the fine, mild weather has really come; far better be quite ready to receive it, and thus to avoid the disappointing reply to an urgent request to the harassed and over-taxed dressmaker, "Please let me have my dress, or mantle, by the end of the week;" "Madam, I cannot touch it for six weeks, at least."

Much as green has been worn all the winter, it has lost none of its popularity; in fact, it is more fashionable than ever. So varied are the shades of this colour that it is difficult to define them. We have "Lily-leaf," "Willow-bud," "Apple-green," "Young Ivy," and "Stalk-green," all of a delicate hue, together with those of a dark shade. Grey of every shade is much used for woollen costumes; it forms so pleasing a background for the rich-coloured gimps and embroideries which are quite the specialties of this season. A new colour, called "parchment," is equally effective in throwing up the Oriental and other rich *passementerie*. For spring costumes dress-cloths, with Art borders, are very useful and inexpensive; they are made plain, brocaded, and striped, in all the newest colourings and shades. Amongst the novelties for dress-materials may be mentioned "Soie Royale," the speciality of which is a diapered pattern in black, white, or grey; although intended for light mourning, as a rule, it is much liked for its soft and refined appearance, and worn by people of quiet taste, when not in mourning. The old and trusty favourite, *faïlle Française*, has assumed a new name—"Regence." It has a ribbed satin face. An English speciality is "Victoria Silk," which is very soft, and drapes most artistically; it is made in the new shades of Nineveh red, "Scarabée" oxide, a dark metallic grey, and heron brown.

Amongst a host of elegant costumes worn at a recent fashionable reception, some were particularly noteworthy. One was of wall-grey cloth, made with a plain skirt, the front covered with a rich embroidery of steel beads and silk thread; a redingote of velvet, three shades lighter than the cloth, with four lappels trimmed with steel beads and silk embroidery, and round the openings a rich fringe to match, a small toque of velvet and steel embroidery; the effect of this toilette, when the sun shone upon it, was quite unique. A second costume was of rosewood-brown brocade and plain silk; the redingote of brocade was made with a slight train, it opened over a petticoat of the silk arranged in narrow pleats; round the openings were two wide folds of velvet on which was a delicate trimming of brown *passementerie*; small capote to match. A third was of emerald-green velvet, a polonaise opening over a petticoat of pale grey *crêpe de Chine* arranged in irregular folds up to the throat; round the hem and up the fronts a wide *passementerie* of green silk, touched up with gold, round the waist a band of *passementerie*, with pendants, collar, and epaulettes to match. A costume of mignonette-green cashmerienne, with a border of a scroll design in white, made "Directoire" fashion, large black velvet hat of a picturesque shape with watered black ribbon bows, and a bunch of real lilies of the valley, matching the posy on the muff. A costume of a similar type was of *vieux rose* or blotting-paper tint in beige, with silky-white bordering, a tiny bonnet of a darker shade in the new sheeny straw and watered ribbons. This blotting paper colour promises to be a formidable rival to green. Terra cotta is still very much worn in artistic circles well toned down by black. But, after all, nothing looks more lady-like and stylish at this season than grey in smooth spring cloths. One particularly effective dress was in a very light shade of grey fine cloth, the skirt box-pleated—on each pleat a design in silver braid—the coat was braided down each side of the front, and opened over a white cloth waistcoat covered with silver *passementerie*; the cuffs and collar were also of white cloth and silver; hat of rough grey straw, turban shape, trimmed with high ribbon bows and a white osprey.

There is not much change in the spring jackets; they are mostly worn in fawn-colour and blue-grey, the former is the more useful of the two, as it harmonises with nearly every costume. As before, they are tight-fitting at the back, the front somewhat longer and loose, the majority open over waistcoats, but can be closed at will. A natty little jacket was of grey-blue cloth, buttoning from the left shoulder, and edged all round with a grey and silver cord; though very quiet, it was most becoming to a fair wearer. A black cloth jacket, loose fronts, lined with watered-silk, was thrown back to show a gold-brocaded silk waistcoat.

The long cloaks, with piece sleeves, are kept for cold spring days, but are very heavy to walk in, and only suitable for carriage wraps. Mantles are for the most part black-brocaded woollen or velvet, and thick silk, but the groundwork almost disappears under the mass of trimming, *passementerie*, lace, jet, &c. Short mantelets are as much in favour as are the long; each wearer adopting the style most suitable to her *physique*.

By the way, it is noteworthy that fashionable people no longer blindly follow the Paris *dictum* alone, but modify it by their individual taste. Now that France no longer possesses a Court of her own, London takes a foremost lead in this branch of the toilette.

We were recently much struck by a Parisian leading fashion journal giving a full description of the dresses at our last Drawing Room. This is a true sign of the times, for a few years since Paris would not have deigned to acknowledge that London could turn out so many toilettes in perfect taste without some inspiration from Gallic brains.

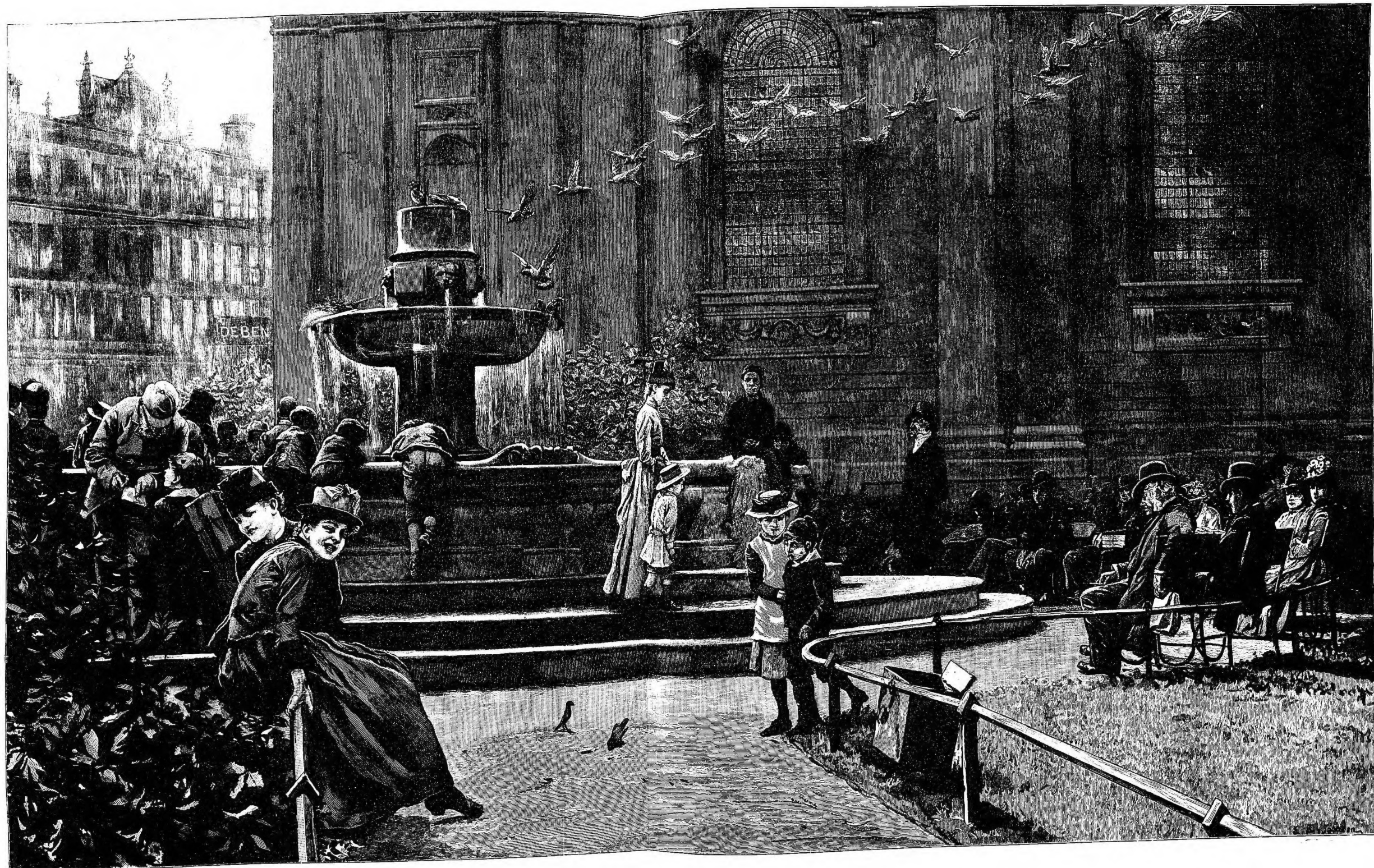
The London dressmakers are exceptionally busy preparing for the coming Drawing Room, which will be very fully attended; the materials are very rich, gold and silver brocade, and much hand embroidery, which has the double advantage of looking handsome, and employing deserving Art-workers; real flowers will be even more adopted for dress trimmings than on the last occasion.

With regard to evening-dresses there is much variety of style; it is seldom that two costumes are seen alike; for matrons rich and even magnificent toilettes are in vogue, whilst young folks wear simple and diaphanous materials.

A very elegant dress was recently worn by an American lady; it was a curious mixture of silver grey and apricot; the dress was of grey, with a design of oak burrs in dead-leaf green; the front of the skirt was of apricot silk, draped with silver-grey lace, round the train of the dress was a thick pleating of apricot silk; at each side were panels of the brocade trimmed with beaded fringe of the two colours; the low corsage was filled in at the throat with a thin gauze of gold, apricot, silver, and grey thread, which had a most original effect.

A very graceful dinner-dress came from Paris. It was of black lace over apple-green *faïlle*, trimmed with cut jet; the lace skirt was draped at the right side, and caught up with a jet ornament, at the back, and on the left side, the drapery fell in ample folds. On the low, pointed bodice were folds of lace, artistically arranged, and fixed with small cut jet butterflies. On the wearer's golden hair, which was arranged in small rolls at the top of the head, with a loose knot low at the back, were cut jet bands. Some half-dozen jet butterflies were carelessly placed in the *coiffure*. Another dinner-dress was of maize-coloured *peau de soie* and Surah. It was made with a plain train skirt; the corsage was very low, draped with a





IN THE HEART OF THE CITY  
A SKETCH IN THE GARDEN OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

fichu of *mousseline de soie* trimmed with *point d'Angleterre*. A scarf of Surah silk—a delicate shade of lilac—encircled the waist, and fell with two long ends on the left side; very short sleeves; bandelettes of gold in the hair.

Hats may be divided into two categories—large and picturesque, small and turban-shaped; the former best suit *piquante* faces and young girls; the latter are generally becoming, except to very full faces. There is a great run upon black, especially at this mid-season, as it accords with any costume; a few bright flowers relieve the sombre aspect. Although the hats themselves are lower than of late, a mass of bows gives them the appearance of height. Bonnets, however, are distinctly changed; for the most part they are low and broad, the "oyster-shell" shape being a favourite. Our old friend, the big Alsatian bow of ribbon, often appears in the front. Pale green and red are most worn, with the ever-useful black. Brown, usually so popular in spring, is little seen.

The favourite flowers for the month are daffodils, lilies of the valley, and Neapolitan violets; the two first keep fresh remarkably well for evening wear. Lilies should be mounted simply in their own leaves, and the daffodils in dark foliage, instead of the perishable maiden-hair fern; small bunches on the shoulder or front of bodice have supplanted sprays.



It has become impossible to overlook an exceedingly remarkable phenomenon of recent fiction—the extent to which the younger generation of novelists has been drawing for its materials upon the Revolution period. Probably more stories which assume an intelligent interest in the affairs of from 1685 to 1750 have appeared during the last two years than during the preceding twenty, despite the conventional belief that historical romance has been crushed out of the field by the superior interest of Theosophy and the Divorce Court, Central Africa and Scotland Yard. We trust we need not enter into reasons for welcoming so essentially wholesome a departure, and for congratulating the novel-reading and writing world on unmistakable signs of a return to its senses. We also trust that we have yet stronger reason for doing so hereafter: and, meanwhile, Mr. A. Conan Doyle's "Micah Clarke" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.) is to be welcomed as an important contribution to the literature in question. Captain Clarke's narrative of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and of his own adventures as a rebel, is altogether so good that but little is required to give it a place in the first class of historical fiction. That little is unquestionably wanting; and it is easy enough to point out wherein it consists—chiefly, for example, in the lack of that magic touch which brings all periods together in the common atmosphere of human nature, and makes old-world thoughts and ways, without loss of quaintness, as fresh and as real as if they were but yesterday's, as in, to quote an especially appropriate instance, "Lorna Doone." Mr. Doyle sees the soldier's harness, the Court gallant's finery, and the peasant's smock frock, and all the outward trappings of his fiction, all the differences between those times and these, so clearly as to be a little blind to the resemblances which the trappings cover. But what he does see, he sees not only clearly but brilliantly. Very few battle-pieces are equal to his description of Sedgemoor—an oft-told story, but never told better. Some of his portraiture, also, is superficially admirable, particularly in the case of Decimus Sexton, the soldier of fortune, who has the additional merit of owing nothing to Captain Dalgetty. It need scarcely be said that the author's sympathies are on the popular side, while he appreciates at its true worthlessness the character of the most despicable of all popular leaders. And probably he is right in regarding the crazy outbreak of fanaticism in the Western Counties as merely the premature explosion of what became the "Glorious Revolution" in less honest hands.

"The Phantom Future," by H. S. Merriman (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a decidedly entertaining novel of a more conventional kind: and certainly nobody can complain of it on the ground of deficiency in love interest. It might be thought that the love for the same woman on the part of two friends, whose one idea is to keep from each other everything that might give pain, would prove rather insipid; but this is far from being the case. There is a healthy, unsentimental strength about all the characters; their romance runs rather to chivalry than to sentiment, and is kept in order by a more than ordinary amount of humour, many of the subordinate characters being admirable studies of eccentric portraiture, without ever running into caricature. Even of that remarkable barmaid "Syra" (Cockney for "Sarah"), though decidedly idealised, we cannot presume to say that she is necessarily chimerical. At any rate, she is a very effective experiment in the art of dramatic contrast and elaborate inconsistency. The plot is made interesting by its *dramatis personæ*, and altogether it is so easy and so pleasant to praise the novel that it is not worth while to go fault-hunting.

Connoisseurs in mystery are treated to a new and provoking sensation in George Fleming's "Clement Ker" (Bristol: Arrow-smith). That is to say, after having been worked up to full tension of creepy curiosity, they are left to make what they can of an unexplained mystery for themselves. In form and method of the shilling, or, more accurately in this case, of the two-shilling "dreadful" order, "Clement Ker" is very much above its school in the matters of portraiture, description, and writing: it contains many passages far too powerful to be thrown away upon a plot as devoid of human interest as it is of probability—a badly constructed ghost story, with no better motive than that of piquing curiosity in order to baffle it. We are far from saying that this trick cannot be rendered effective, but it is difficult, and the easy perception of the artifice is a proof of comparative failure. The failure, however, is comparative only; for Mr. Fleming knows how to get full measure of creepiness out of detached incidents; particularly when they lead to nothing. It is in construction and in climax, those paramount requirements of his school, that he fails.

Mr. D. Christie Murray's four stories, "Schwarz; a History," "Bulldog and Butterfly," "Julia and Her Romeo," and "Young Mr. Barter's Repentance" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), are exceedingly good illustrations of their author's characteristic qualities. Were the first quarter of the tale struck out bodily, "Schwarz" would be an almost ideally perfect dog story, all the better, like one of Landseer's dog studies, for its suggestion of human application. What could have made Mr. Murray prepare so charmingly pathetic a sketch, so complete in itself, with an absolutely immaterial account of a singularly uninteresting case of incipient brain disease is one of the curiosities of literary perversity. A reader who skips the first fifteen pages will be richly rewarded by what he will gain as well as by what he will lose; and the three stories which follow "Schwarz" are to be included in the gain.

We have spoken of mysteries and perversities. But no perversity can be greater than that which induced the authoress of "The Quick or the Dead?" (1 vol.: Routledge and Sons) to fancy herself a psychologist, and no greater mystery than that she should have obtained serious attention. We should have thought that Amélie Rives's school-girlish silliness would scarcely have received even the attention which takes the form of ridicule.

THE charming photographure of Miss Héloïse Durant, which stands as frontispiece to "Dante: a Dramatic Poem" (Kegan Paul), will offer a strong inducement to those who take up the volume to read it with some amount of personal interest. This young lady is a member of the Dante Society of Cambridge, Massachusetts. In her poem she has tried to give an outline of Dante's life as drawn from his own words. But the rays shed by this great light of the fourteenth century touch us each so differently through the prism of years, that perhaps her vision of Dante may only meet with the sympathy of a few. It is a moot question, Miss Durant observes in her preface, if Beatrice of the "Vita Nuova" represents the fair Portinari, or is merely a personification of Philosophy; while the petulant Gemma, whom Boccaccio describes, is modified from a second Xantippe to a faithful wife, not unreasonably troubled by her husband's moody abstractions. Here Gemma is vindicated, and the poem is written in the belief that the actual Beatrice Portinari inspired the "Vita Nuova." The work is prefaced by three sonnets, the last and poem addressed to "Dante," whom Miss Durant, with much grace and modesty, thus apostrophises:—

O look not thou reprovingly on me  
For stretching feeble wings towards eagle height,  
Wrestling thy utterance, depicting thee  
With my poor pencil. Infants turn to light;  
And so my weakness seeks thy strength to touch.  
Dante! though frail my art, my love is much.

The poem is, of necessity, somewhat complicated from its many characters, and from the intricacies of the faction and family quarrels, and because of the exegesis of Dante's thought and work which runs through it. The contrast between the tender soul and highly-strung minds of the ideal characters and the savage society in which they moved is well brought out. The work, indeed, should fix Miss Durant's position as a lady writer and poetess of talent and promise.

There is sound moral sentiment and forcibly expressed teaching of the noblest kind in Mr. E. M. Caillard's "The Lost Life, and Other Poems" (Eyre and Spottiswoode). "The Lost Life" is based on the text "He that loseth his life shall find it," and this is illustrated by a poetic parable of singular beauty and simplicity and directness of treatment. "Stolen Flowers" also deals in most touching fashion with a striking incident taken from poverty-stricken life in London.

"A Play upon People" (Fisher Unwin) is a somewhat eccentric work. We are introduced, in dramatic dialogue, into many extraordinary social circles, and to a Society of Anti-Dressers, whose views are expressed by a Miss Agatha Dyban thus:—

A woman, very wise, sincere, and rich,  
Is a non-entity. A shame it is  
To scrutinise the sex of citizens,  
Who can our right of entrance negative  
Within the glass hive of bee-noisy power!

The conversations are not always profitable, and the characters, when not affected in language, are addicted to slang. "He is a rather amiable young chap" is one gem amid what is, perhaps, more realistic than pleasing.

Mr. Henry Smetham has written "Sketches: Prose and Rhyme" (Whiting and Co.). Some of them have previously appeared in London and provincial papers, and are the outcome, the author tells us, of the leisure of a busy man. They are largely of the ballad type, and convey some simple social lessons, as, for instance, in this from "Dare-Devil Jack":—

If he keeps sober, and saves his cash,  
He'll be able to cut it fine.



THE VIADUCT PUBLISHING COMPANY.—Again comes a new setting of Longfellow's tender poem "The Reaper and the Flowers," this time by Oliver King, who has done fairly well. This song is published in F, compass from D below the lines to the octave above.—"Tell Me You Love Me," a sentimental love-poem by G. Hubi Newcome, has been set to music by Clement Douglas in strains more in accordance with the feelings of a triumphant lover than one in a despondent state. It commences in mazurka-time, and breaks into a lively waltz.—Of the same cheerful type as the above, so far as the music is concerned, are "In the Forest," written and composed by Laxton Eyre and Max Derrie, and "Meet Me This Once," words by C. H. Thompson, music by Arthur Van Hoorn.—A very pretty and taking waltz, which will not soon be put on the shelf, is "Buenaventura Valse," by L. Morrison. We cannot say the same of "Le Rendezvous Valse," by Rudolph Rosenthal, which is of very commonplace type.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—A useful addition to the schoolroom *répertoire* is "Twelve Two-Part Songs," by F. C. Maher. They are for first and second trebles.—Four songs for the drawing-room, which will please wherever they are well sung, are "My Fate and Thine," words by G. C. Bingham, music by Michael Watson, published in three keys; "Sweet Visions," words by Edward Oxenford, music by George Gear; "When Daylight Fades," written and composed by Frank L. Moir; and "Who Shall be King?" words by Edward Oxenford, music by J. E. Webster. On the frontispieces of each of these songs is the statement, "This song may be sung in public free of charge," but a footnote on the last page imposes stringent rules which the singer will do well to peruse, or he may find himself incurring heavy damages for breach of copyright.—A graceful *morceau* for the pianoforte is "Trost" ("Solace"), by Jacques Blumenthal; this sweet melody may be learnt by heart, but must not be copied.—"Scherzino," for the pianoforte, by Emily Ekless, is well worthy of its name.—"Ländler for the Violin," by Walter F. Newton, is a simple and pleasing piece.

"MESSRS. DO, RE, MI, 3, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET" is a decided *scherzino* (Anglicised joke) in the publishing line, of which we hope this firm has secured the copyright, as it will not bear repeating, and might well be dispensed with.—"The Mary Jane" is a breezy and stirring sea song, written and composed by H. Burrows Smith and G. J. Rubini.—There is good technical work in "Scherzo in B Minor," by B. Palmieri.—Bright and taking is "En Carrière," a caprice *pour piano*, by Alois Volkmer.—A pleasing set of waltzes is "Soirées de Londres," by Zylda.—The most original part of a *galopade caractéristique*, by Paolo Maggi, is its name "Volapick" ("Universal Language").

MESSRS. B. MOCCATTA AND CO.—A group of pleasurable songs consists of "Told by Golden Hours," the charming poetry by N. P. Willis, the music by Isidore de Lara; this song is of medium compass.—"Love's Way," written and composed by W. Toynbee and Arthur Hervey, is a good song for a tenor.—"Undivided," the tender words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Ernest R. Newton, and "Dearest," written and composed by Maude Blackett and Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, are love-songs of a somewhat conventional type.—The same may be said of "To Cordelia," words by the Earl of Lytton, and "You," words by Clement Scott; the music for the two last-named songs is by Isidore de Lara.—

"The Banks of Doon," original version of Robert Burns' sweet poem, has been set to music with true feeling by E. Silas; this song will make a lasting impression wherever it is heard.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—"Sunshine Through the Mist," written and composed by Arthur Chapman and H. Martyn van Lennep, is a song which will make its mark, and that a good one; it is published in three keys.—"My Heart Your Home!" words by G. H. Newcombe, music by Edith Marriott, is a song of the tender passion, which will be popular with young people.—"Lusitania Valse," by Florence Fare, is danceable and tuneful, but lacking in originality, as is too often the case in this time of waltzes.—"Two Marionettes Polka," by May Ostlere, is one of the best and merriest of its school which we have come across this season. A long career in the ball-room and at carpet-dances may be anticipated for it.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—Two thoughtful and well-written pieces are "Reverie," for violin and pianoforte; and "Nocturne," for the pianoforte. Both are by T. H. Frewin.—"Tommy Atkins Quick Step," by Alex. S. Beaumont, is a capital march with a taking tune.—"Thoughts of Home Valse," by F. E. Parsons, who hails from Melbourne, is a very pretty valse, with an attractive frontispiece.

## The History of a Slave

(Continued from page 368)

on camels and asses; and he resolved to sell at Muri, where there was a great market, most of his slaves, for he desired to proceed quickly to Yakuba, and no longer needed the slaves to carry the ivory. I feared that he would sell me here, for several Fulbe merchants examined me, and pinched my muscles, and said they liked the looks of me, but my master said that he would keep me for his own household, as I had a good head for trade, and a manner of saying things which caused him to laugh.

So when all was ready for our journey to Yakuba, my master bade me seat myself on one of those asses which had a load of ivory on its back, and at first I was greatly afraid, for I had never ridden any beast before, and the ass seemed to know that I was a pagan, for when I tried to mount him he would rear up his hind-quarters, and throw off the ivory. At length I managed to get on, and although I slipped off several times over the ass's tail, I was vexed when my master jeered at me, and so I clung on with one hand clutching the ass's mane, and with the other holding one of his ears, and every time he would rear up before or behind, I would put the tip of his ear in my mouth and bite it, and he soon gave over trying to unseat me, and by the time he reached near to Yakuba I could ride without fear, and would even at times mount on one of the camels, which were strange beasts in my sight, for there was nothing like them in our country.

When we had got within one day's journey of Yakuba we saw the great mountains behind which the town lay, and my master, with some of his friends and guards, rode on in front of the caravan, carrying with him a present for the "Lamido," or Sultan, of the country, and bidding his head man, or overseer of slaves, to lead us all by other roads to his plantations outside the town, so that his wealth of ivory and slaves might not be shown to the people of Yakuba (for it was said the Sultan of Yakuba was a very greedy man, and harassed those whom he knew to be rich); and so we abode several days at the plantations, where the ivory was stored, and then one day my master came riding out of the town to see that everything was safely stowed away, and he chose out such slaves among us as he wanted (myself among the number), and took us back with him into the town. And here I was amazed at what I saw, for although Yola was a big town, and the Governor of it had a great house, and there were one or two large mosques, there was nothing there that could compare with Yakuba. The people of that place are more in number than Tarabulus or Murzuk, and perhaps it is only surpassed in populousness by Kano and Zinder; though I have heard the city of Sakatu is a vast place inhabited by many people. But to me, who was then a pagan and a bushman, Yakuba seemed the grandest place in all the world, with its fine houses of clay and their wooden doors, and arches, and window-frames, and its *dakakin* (shops), the like of which I had never seen before. Here were merchants from as far as the Great Desert, and even Ghadames, and people from Bornu and Sakatu and Nufe. Some were selling the cloth made by the Christians, which had reached even our country of Mbudikum from the lands of Diwala and the great sea. Others trafficked in the blue cloth of Nufe or the taubs of Kano, or sold leather sandals, finely embroidered, or saddles and horsegear from the Hausa-lands, or the white salt, brought up the Kwara river in big ships by the Christians, and wonderful things of glass, and plates of earthenware and brass. And I tapped my mouth with amazement to think that the hands of men could fashion such things. And in one *dukkhan* they were selling paper to write on, and reed pens and ink, and the Quran bound in leather—the book of Our Lord Mohammed—*Salam ala Rasulna wa Nabina*—peace be upon our Apostle and Prophet! When I first saw these Qurans being sold I reckoned not of their value for I was still a pagan, and I wondered to myself that men should give for them many kauri-shells or great silver riyalat (dollars), or a small tusk of ivory, seeing that these books were, to my ignorance, but made of leather and paper, and could neither be eaten nor burned for perfume, nor used for any purpose useful for man's body. And in another shop was an old pulo mallam, who was selling small pieces of sheep's skin, on which he had written something with a reed pen. And as my master stopped to buy one of these I asked him what their purpose was, and he said they were charms to be folded up and put in a small case which was made out of the shell of a nut, and to be hung round a man's neck, to avert any harm that might happen to him by evil spirits or to cure him of some malady. And if, perchance, a man was sick, there was no better medicine for him than to soften one of these pieces of sheep's-skin in water, when it had been written on by the mallam, and to swallow it, for the words thereon written were the words of our Lord Mohammed from the holy Quran, and were apt for the healing of both body and soul. Afterwards I came to know these things well, and many a time, *Wallah!* have my bodily ailments been cured by swallowing these charms, *Ahamdu-lillah!* And yet other *dakakin* sold sweet perfumes—pastilles to burn in the house and to make a grateful odour, or ointments wherewith a man's skin should be rubbed so that it glistened, and was sweet and pleasing in the nostrils of his friends. And so, passing through this great bazaar, we arrived at the courtyard of my master's house.

And what happened after this I must tell you on another occasion, for my tongue has wagged too much to-day. Besides, yesterday I had trouble with my master after I had remained so long with you, for he was vexed, and told me that his business suffered by my useless talking with you. If you want me again, you must make it all right with Si Abd-al-Ghirha, so that he may not oppose my coming to you. *Insh' Allah ushufka al-ghodwa*—God grant that I see you to-morrow. If you gave me a silver riyal I should return with a glad heart and a new turban, for it is not fitting that I should talk to a great Nasrani with an old, dirty head cloth like this—*Allah yasalink!*

(To be continued)



# SUNLIGHT SOAP

## SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons.  
LABORATORY, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, STEPHEN'S GREEN, W.,  
DUBLIN, February 15th, 1888.

I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. LEVER BROS., Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived.

The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation.

I employ the Soap for my own toilet purposes, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(Signed)

CHARLES A. CAMERON.

THE OWENS  
COLLEGE,  
MANCHESTER,  
September 11th, 1886.

I beg herewith to certify that I have this day analysed a sample of the Soap manufactured by Messrs. LEVER BROS., of Warrington, and known as the "SUNLIGHT SOAP." THIS ANALYSIS I HAVE CHECKED BY OTHER ANALYSES MADE UPON SAMPLES TAKEN BY MYSELF FROM THE SHOPS IN MANCHESTER, and have found coincident results.

NO SILICATE PRESENT, AND NO SULPHATE OF SODA.

The analysis SHOWS THIS SOAP TO BE A VERY PERFECTLY SAPONIFIED AND PURE ONE, in fact it is one of the purest and most perfectly saponified specimens I have met with; and I say this as an expert of several years' standing and training in Soap Factories.

(Signed) WATSON SMITH, F.C.S., F.I.C.  
Lecturer in Chemical Technology in the Owens College and Victoria University. Vice-President of the Society of Dyers and Colourists, Editor of the Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry, &c., &c.

## PUBLIC

### THEATRE.

"Has made a saving in the cleaning. Does not injure the fabrics in any way."

THEATRE ROYAL, BOLTON.

GENTLEMEN.—Mrs. Elliston informs me that she has made a saving in the cleaning department of the Theatre. For instance, articles that we have previously been compelled to send to a cleaner, or to have cleaned on the premises with benzoline, or something else of a similar nature, we now wash with "SUNLIGHT SOAP," and find that it does not injure the fabrics in any way. The cost is infinitesimal. I shall certainly recommend it to my brother Managers.

Yours truly,

J. F. ELLISTON.

"With your Soap have always finished washing betwixt 10 and 11 o'clock."

190, LEVER STREET, TYLDESLEY, NR. MANCHESTER, 1st February, 1887.

MESSRS. LEVER BROS.—GENTLEMEN.—Having used your "SUNLIGHT SOAP" ever since it was first introduced, I can SPEAK WITH CONFIDENCE AND TRUTHFULNESS OF ITS MOST EXCELLENT PROPERTIES as a thorough and quick cleanser for every purpose for which we use soap. I have been a housekeeper for forty years, and therefore quite old enough to judge of the merits of soap. When I bought the first tablet from the late Mrs. James France, of Elliott Street, and after washing with it, I was so pleased with it that I bought a number of tablets, and gave each of our tenants one, as I thought that would be the best way of recommending it. They liked it as well as myself, and are all using it now, and I think I can say with truth that every housekeeper in our neighbourhood is using it. I told my sister about it. She wrote to send a box, and I was asking her only last week if she still liked it. She said, "Yes, we use it and no other kind, and where I sell one tablet of the other soaps I sell twenty of 'SUNLIGHT.'" Such success will, I hope, and feel sure, attend the sale of such an excellent soap. I am 54 years of age, and though I have not the least need to, I prefer to do my own washing. I wash once a fortnight, and WITH YOUR SOAP HAVE ALWAYS FINISHED BETWIXT TEN AND ELEVEN O'CLOCK, so as to be dressed to sit down to dinner.

I remain, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,

B. C. ROWLAND.

## ROBERT R. TATLOCK, F.R.S.E., F.I.C., F.C.S.

Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow.  
CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY, 138, BATH STREET, GLASGOW,  
September 23rd, 1886.

Analysis of a sample of "SUNLIGHT SOAP" received on the 20th inst. from Messrs. LEVER BROS., Warrington:—

This Soap is a VERY HIGH QUALITY. It does not contain a trace of either free Alkali or free Fatty Acid, and consequently CANNOT INJURE THE SKIN OR THE MOST DELICATE FABRIC.

I CONSIDER IT A PERFECT SOAP, both as regards its chemical composition and the results which it gives in practice.

ROBERT R. TATLOCK,  
F.R.S.E., F.I.C., F.C.S.

Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow.

### "Fact."

33, TURRET GROVE, CLAPHAM, S.W.,  
September 24th, 1887.  
LANDLORD (showing house to intending tenant)  
—"I am sorry to say, madam, there is no copper (boiler)."

LADY—"Oh, that is of no consequence, whatever; I always use "SUNLIGHT SOAP."

(Signed) R.A.

### Your clothes will last longer.

With the old adulterated soaps clothes wear out quicker than lightning.

The "SUNLIGHT SOAP" takes the dirt out without injuring the finest material.

### Your buttons will stay on.

For by using the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" the old process of dollying is unnecessary, and thus the buttons are not torn off or broken.

## OPINION

### THE HOUSEWIFE.

"Saved me Pounds."

57, MILLBANK STREET, WESTMINSTER, W.

Messrs. LEVER BROS.

GENTLEMEN.—After using your "SUNLIGHT SOAP" for many months, I feel it almost my duty to inform you of the entire satisfaction it has given me. In the first place, it has saved me pounds; being delicate, I have always put my washing out, until the use of your Soap. It entirely dispenses with all the unpleasantness of a washing day, being able to do it in the house, if required, and makes the clothes look much better than when done by the ordinary process. All friends I have recommended it to have never regretted it. Hoping this testimonial will be of use to you,  
Yours truly,  
(Signed)  
N. WILSON.

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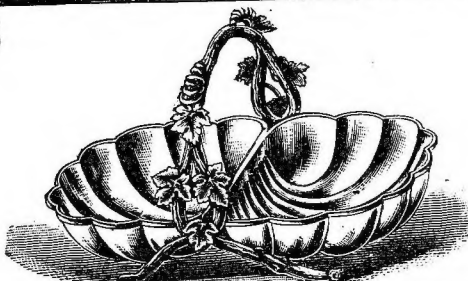
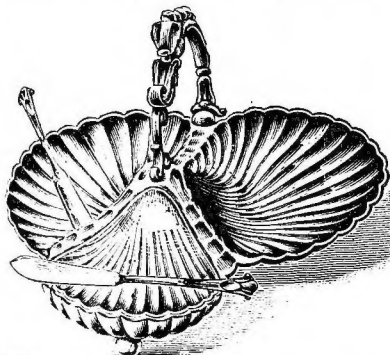
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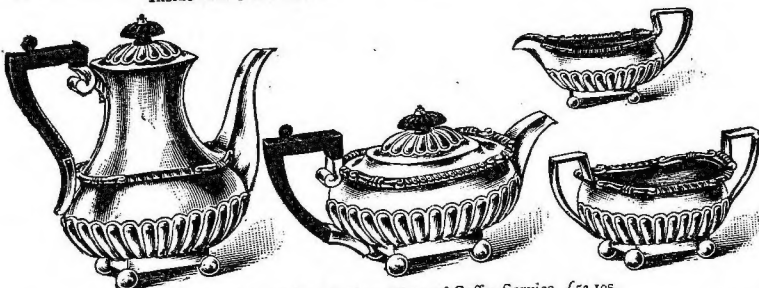
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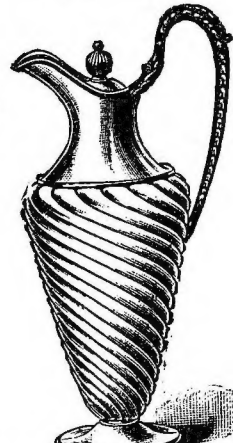


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Fluted Coffee Pot, with Ebony Handle.  
Solid Silver, 1 pint, £9; 1½ pint, £10 10s.; Best Electro, £3 10s.; 1½ pint, £4.



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For the CURE of  
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For BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,  
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And all Skin Diseases, it has no equal.

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